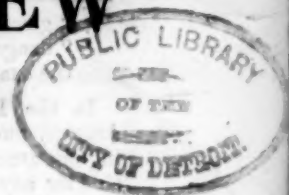


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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament.

YESTERDAY week the House of Commons, after a question-time in which Mr. GLADSTONE appeared to be suffering from a kind of spiritual nettle-rash (considerately treated by Mr. BOWLES with cayenne liniment, in the shape of cheerful promises to "repeat the question on Wednesday, "the 27th"), settled down to the Parish Councils Bill. The clause and sections at first under review were not very important; but on Clause 19, which introduces the new revolution in Poor-law management, Mr. LONG, supported by Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. COURTNEY, made an appeal to the Government to postpone this enormous matter. It was, of course, rejected, and the debate went on till midnight. But it is significant of the insane policy of the present Administration that, in the division on the postponement of the clause, 156 members—less than a fourth of the full strength of the Commons—voted. That is to say, a change by which the power of "ransoming" the richer ratepayers, in the way of outdoor relief, is placed in the hands of the class who will receive the relief, unchecked, as Mr. FOWLER himself admits, save by the purely bureaucratic and centralized action of the Local Government Board, was approved by a House less strong than that of an ordinary Wednesday.

In the House of Commons on *Monday*, Mr. MELLOR, as Deputy-Speaker, read M. DUPUY's reply to the message from the House, and Mr. GLADSTONE was inflexible in refusing Christmas holidays of any reasonable length, with the result of a pretty obvious determination on the part of the Opposition that he shall be filled with the fruit of his own devices. Mr. SEXTON, however, said in effect that the Irish footmen find their "place" more comfortable than their homes, and would rather stay there—which is very likely. There was some considerable debate, but no division on the Indian Loan Bill, which was read a third time with grave protests from Mr. COURTNEY, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, and Mr. GOSCHEN. The Parish Councils Bill was then resumed, and Mr. RATHBONE's amendment, retaining the *ex officio* Guardians to some extent in the shape of nominees of the Local Government Bill, was debated up to midnight, the Opposition pressing, and the Government rather fencing with than utterly resisting, some scheme of the kind, if not Mr. RATHBONE's, for the

provision on the Councils of at least some persons who know what they are about.

Lords.

On *Tuesday* the House of Lords discussed and passed through its various stages the East India Loan Bill, Lord SALISBURY taking the opportunity to put in a word for the fixed ratio. Lord SPENCER seemed to hint that the Admiralty would think about a dock at Gibraltar, and the House received the formal reply to its kind inquiries about the French Chamber. It was arranged that the Lords should adjourn from last Thursday to the 12th of January.

Commons.

Meanwhile, in the Lower House Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's motion for an immediate and declared increase in the navy came on, and was met by Mr. GLADSTONE with an amendment which in strict sense might as well have been, "To leave out all the words 'after 'House,' and add 'there's milestones on 'the Dover Road.''" In form, no doubt, the amendment was so couched that by dint of very childish attorneyism (we apologize, as of old, to the attorneys) the Government organs might claim, as they have claimed, a vote of confidence. In fact, as Mr. MACFARLANE very frankly pointed out from the Government side, he, and doubtless many others on that side, only voted for it because it is also construable into a broad and rather peremptory hint to the Government to do what Lord GEORGE tells them. Lord GEORGE himself spoke with great moderation and cogency, as did Mr. BALFOUR, while Mr. GLADSTONE, speaking between the two, appeared to be unable to divert his attention from what he thought a party attack on him to the question as affecting the Empire. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and (very briefly) Mr. GOSCHEN also spoke; but perhaps the most remarkable speech was that of Sir CHARLES DILKE, who took a gloomier view of the situation than any Opposition critic. The division, shortly before one o'clock, gave the Government a majority of thirty-six on strictly party lines, Sir CHARLES DILKE and Mr. KEARLEY (a dockyard member) abstaining from the lobbies. It is not a little curious that the Government organs have since apparently taken fright at the tone of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech, and have endeavoured to explain it away—admitting also that, "if we let the

"grass grow under our feet, we shall be in a dangerous position," which we had thought was the exact Opposition contention.

In the House of Commons on Wednesday Mr. ASQUITH moved to disagree with the famous contracting-out amendment in a speech which was not remarkable for anything except considerable indulgence in a sort of overbearing rudeness, which is not unfrequently mistaken on the Gladstonian side for power, and for the familiar bearing of false witness against one's neighbour (in the case of Mr. HERMON HODGE), which is habitually confused by Gladstonians with argument. The McLarenites having, after the usual fashion of Mr. GLADSTONE'S followers, when the whip is cracked loudly enough, slunk back to heel from their little gambade of independence, the Government obtained a majority of over sixty in a very thin House. Mr. ASQUITH then moved disagreement with the shipping amendment, and this was under discussion at adjournment time.

Lords. The House of Lords met formally on Thursday for the Royal Assent to be given to divers Bills, and then adjourned, as arranged, for the holidays.

Commons. The Commons, on the other hand, had a very lively and diversified sitting. After a question-time in which Mr. LABOUCHERE was once more loyal to LO BENGULA, and Mr. CONYBEARE appeared, at least, to argue that, if there were Liberal magistrates on a bench, they might be trusted to give decisions against evidence, while Tories could not, Mr. GLADSTONE rose to give information on the Duke of EDINBURGH and COBURG'S intentions as to the endowment he receives from England. It came to this—that the DUKE proposes to resign three-fifths thereof, but to keep the other two-fifths. This, of course, did not satisfy Mr. LABOUCHERE'S English loyalty (which is of a different kind from that above referred to), and an unseemly wrangle, with promise of more, followed. Nor when it terminated was the House called upon to mind humdrum business. Mr. BARTLEY brought up as a question of privilege certain words of Mr. KNOX'S which meant either nothing or that members of Parliament had been bribed by the Chartered Company. Another wrangle followed over this, Mr. KNOX partially explaining and wholly withdrawing and apologizing. But this was not considered sufficient, and the matter was only suspended by "the previous question." The discussion on the Lords' Amendment to the Employers' Liability Bill as affecting seamen was then resumed, and the amendment rejected without a division. After which, Parish Councils once more prepared the House for slumber and sleep.

Politics out of Parliament. Mr. GOSCHEN spoke at the United Club yesterday week, and drew a vigorous picture of the situation.

The Socialist candidate for Accrington having withdrawn, Mr. HERMON HODGE and Mr. LEESE were nominated last Saturday for a straight fight. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE came down to help the Gladstonian candidate, and indulged in some "reckless and foolish" language about the House of Lords.

Mr. HERMON HODGE'S excellent fight, however, was not successful, but in the polling on Thursday he reduced his opponent's majority from 547 to 258. It is worth chronicling that a Gladstonian journalist has described this as "the country's first shot at the House of Lords." Another shot of the same calibre, and Accrington will be represented by a Tory; so that Mr. CARLYLE'S blue rose of "the foolishlest man living" seems to have been found at last.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. There was no Matabele news this day week. The French Government had carried its Coercion Bills, and the German Government its commercial treaties, while the Argentine Chamber had ratified the ROMERO-ROTHSCHILD proposals about the debt.

There was again no Matabele news at the beginning of this week, somebody having, by one of those odd coincidences which have marked the affair before, broken the wires just at a critical moment. The French were very busy Anarchist-hunting and exploding fancy bombs among dogs tied to posts, to see "what might have happened in the Chamber." This somewhat speculative experiment might surely have been carried out more effectually, as well as more humanely, with a squad or two of the dummy men used in military trials. The great M. DELONCLE had described England as "an admirable nation, but the implacable enemy of France." Now this is curious; for at this moment most reasonably intelligent Englishmen would probably say that their country is very doubtfully worthy of admiration, but that it certainly does not trouble itself with implacable, or any other, enmity to France, if France will only be good enough to get out of the way. In Germany two Frenchmen charged with spying were sentenced to the relatively light sentences of four and six years' imprisonment in a fortress, extenuating circumstances of patriotic intention being, not quite more *Germanorum*, allowed. The Greek Chamber was supporting M. TRICOUPIS in his plan of repudiation—for really that is what it comes to. In the United States schemes of legacy duties and spirit duties, quite after the model of this effete old country, were being mooted. There was something of a fresh outbreak—probably due to the mild weather—of cholera in Russia. From Brazil a good deal of news came, the upshot of which was that Admiral SALDANHA DA GAMA'S abandonment of Admiral DE MELLO'S temporizing between Monarchy and Republic had considerably strengthened the insurgents.

By Tuesday morning the wires to Mashonaland had been repaired; but there was no news from the banks of the Shangani. France was still occupied with explosives and Anarchists; M. TRICOUPIS had been protesting that his repudiation scheme was merely provisional—a sort of defaulting on account, we suppose; while the French and German Ministers at Athens had been prosaically protesting against repudiation at all. It was said that President CLEVELAND'S good intentions in Hawaii had been delayed by an extremely feminine and natural reluctance on the part of Her Majesty Queen LILIUOKALANI to forgive her enemies, and that the Japanese Premier (evidently a man of some strength of mind) had replied to a vote of want of confidence by entirely declining to resign.

There was still no news of Major FORBES or Captain WILSON on Wednesday morning, to (as the Duke of ABERCORN frankly and wisely admitted at the meeting of the Chartered Company) the disquiet of the authorities. But some details came of the death of Captain GWYNDD WILLIAMS. A Communist colony of a polyglot kind was going to be founded in British East Africa by Germans chiefly. A compliment, no doubt; but why not try the German sphere itself? There was some grumbling and threatening from Bangkok; and a great deal of extremely contradictory detail from Rio. The Swiss Federal Councils had drafted some rigorous measures for the coercion of Anarchists. But the most interesting item of this kind for Englishmen was the appointment of Sir PHILIP CURRIE to the vacant Embassy at Constantinople, which it was quite time to fill up. As Sir PHILIP has been Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs during the last four years, has served at the Foreign Office for nearly forty, and held special employments abroad in the last outbreak

of the Eastern question fifteen years ago, he should be pretty well qualified for the post, which is, perhaps, taking permanent and temporary importance together, the most important in the whole diplomatic service.

On Thursday morning the welcome news came that at last a missionary (let us give his highly respectable name), Dr. MACDONALD, of the Free Church of Scotland, had had the courage to come before the Opium Commission and declare that opium evils had been grossly exaggerated, that opium was no hindrance to missionary work, and that many missionaries thought what he said. Nothing had been heard of Major FORBES; but preparations were being made for holding Bulawayo in force during the winter. Signor CRISPI, having completely arranged his Ministry, had made his statement before the Italian Parliament, inviting all parties to join together in trying to drag the country out of its mess. Unfortunately this is the kind of appeal that all parties do not readily listen to, and some of the Italian Radicals are said to have behaved very much as Radicals do everywhere. But, on the whole, the statement was well received, and no doubt, if the thing is to be done, Signor CRISPI is the man to do it. The deficit in the United States was said to be close on six millions sterling—which is pretty well for such a brief experiment in MCKINLEY tariffs and silver-boarding. News from Rio was again plentiful, but exceedingly hard to harmonize. For how can a ship be damaged in a certain harbour when she is also a maritime leagues out at sea? and which are you to believe when two people tell you, the one that the Government has captured a certain island, and the other that the garrison of the island has deliberately made a mousetrap of it, and has caught its mouse?

The news of yesterday morning was almost absolutely unimportant.

Correspondence. On Monday morning Mr. BRODRICK and Mr. LONG called attention to the incredible and slightly insane way in which the Government is harrying and worrying the House of Commons, and Sir EDMUND DUCANE adopted, in reply to Sir GAINSFORD BRUCE, exactly the line of reply we anticipated last week.

The Law Courts. The Ardlamont case has been in the Scotch Court all the week, and the HARNES case has been partially resumed. On Wednesday Mr. Justice KENNEDY decided the famous "BALMACEDA silver" suit, which concerns a mighty heap of bullion in the Bank of England vaults, against the claim of the Chilean Government.—In the case of SIEVIER v. CROSBIE, wherein a lady brought an unusual action for her letters, and a gentleman as unusually refused to give them up, the plaintiff gat disparagement. Indeed Mr. Justice HAWKINS very unkindly described her compositions as "a tissue of falsehoods." It was certainly rather a strong measure to write "in three weeks your Bunny will be really yours," when your Bunny, by her own confession, had very distinctly made up her mind that she would not be "yours," but somebody else's.

And a letter is undoubtedly the property for purposes of custody of the person it is written to, though the right of publication might remain with your Bunny, who was not extremely likely to exercise it. But even judges should not talk of "falsehoods" in connexion with ladies. "Simultaneous two-mindedness" would be a prettier and not less accurate description of the mental process of Bunnies in such cases.

London Government. The L. C. C. had a decidedly lively meeting on Tuesday, chiefly in reference to the Fire Brigade affair, on which, as it appears from the report of the *Times*, the eminent Mr. THORNTON, besides indulging in a great deal of pretty language, challenged Colonel ROTTON to meet him—whether

with fire-hose, brigade axes or other weapons, we know not.

Miscellaneous. This day week a deputation representing the Principality presented to the Duke and Duchess of YORK a centrepiece of great weight, entirely made of Welsh gold and silver.—The Duke of CAMBRIDGE inspected the Sandhurst cadets, and expressed just horror at the idea of their "writing to the papers."—A trial trip by persons who write, not to, but for, the said papers (conduct excusable by the tyrants' plea) was made along the Manchester Ship Canal, and a deputation waited on Mr. ACLAND in reference to irregular school attendance. In his reply, that Minister told an interesting story to the effect that even before his exaltation he had, in his private capacity, begun worrying Voluntary schools. This is DOMITIAN and the flies quite prettily adapted.—The long-talked-of Kingsbridge branch of the Great Western Railway, through and to a very charming and little-known patch of Devon, was opened on Monday—a proceeding always rather melancholy to those whose paradises thus become vulgarized.—The new clock of St. Paul's was started on Thursday by Miss ALICE GREGORY, the Dean's daughter.

Obituary. Professor MICHELET, who died last week, almost as old as the century, was a very well-known philosophical and theological writer in his day, and was in some sort the head of a certain sect of Hegelians.—Few English actresses were better known than Miss ADA SWANBOROUGH, under whose management, and by the aid of whose talents, the Strand Theatre was, for some twenty years, the headquarters of various kinds of burlesque.—Mr. EDWARDES-MOSS was a good Conservative, and one of the best of oarsmen.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE ACCRINGTON ELECTION.

THE result of the Accrington election was looked forward to with an interest perhaps a little disproportionate, but easily explicable. These see-saw places supply, in one sense a more treacherous, and in another a more interesting, "tell-tale" of the general state of the constituencies than any others. The fight has latterly been deprived of ambiguity by the retirement of the Socialist candidate and the strenuous efforts made by the Labour leaders to overcome the reluctance of his partisans to vote for the Gladstonian; the two competitors were tried men; and the battle does not seem to have been complicated by any side issues. But, more than all this, it has taken place at a moment and in a situation nothing exactly like which has ever been known to the oldest English politician. A Government with, to say the least, no extraordinarily large majority, and in such a position that the defection of one party which it holds on principles of pure bribery would put it in a minority of the same size, has spent by far the greater part of an extraordinarily long Parliamentary year in forcing through, against the weight of argument and evidence, and by the mere mechanical use of the newly invented gags and guillotines, the measure on which, by their own confession and assertion, they came into power. That measure has been flung out by the House of Lords. The Government has not dissolved, and not the very faintest sign of any real or extensive popular indignation with the Lords has appeared. Instead of endeavouring to test that indignation, Ministers have brought before the exhausted House of Commons, in an autumn Session more unprecedentedly protracted than the main Session itself, and intended, apparently, to last for ever if necessary, two other measures, one of them, at least, of the extremest complexity and most momentous probable consequences. The Lords have already made im-

portant alterations in the minor Bill, and, if the major leaves the House of Commons in anything like the form which, after the breaches of faith of the Government in some directions and their obstinacy in others, it seems likely to assume, will probably make still greater changes in the major. Yet the Government goes doggedly on, and apparently has no plan or scheme of any sort, except when the House shows itself unequal to its work to load it with more, and when the Upper House has kicked one Bill out to provide it with others on which to exercise the same operation. The various sections of the majority are each half-greedily and half-sulkily waiting for satisfaction; and the madder partisans threaten a fresh Reform Bill, under the name of Registration, to gerrymander the constituencies anew.

It is no wonder that, in these circumstances, some people have presumed a rather intimate connexion between the election which was decided on Thursday and the intentions of the Government. It was said that Ministers had made up their mind, if Accrington held true to Mr. LEESE, to dissolve shortly, and, if it jilted him and them, to hold on, lest a worse thing should come. It is obvious, however, that this, like many things announced or hinted at as "intentions," merely conveys a more or less probable inference; and we really do not know that the inference might not almost as well be taken the other way. In that case, if the Government lost Accrington, they would dissolve at once, in hopes that the excitement of a General Election might strengthen knees so evidently feeble, and if they won it would hold on, confident that at least their majority was untouched. And it must further be remembered that it is practically impossible to argue about such a Government supported by such a majority as the present. When towards the end of the last election, and immediately after it, some Unionists were congratulating themselves on the smallness of Mr. GLADSTONE's following, we took occasion to point out that no majority is so formidable as a small but not a vanishing one, because the sense of danger prevents "caves" and personal fads. We confess, however, with much frankness that we never could have anticipated quite such an impenetrable majority as this. The Irishmen, who are paid to serve, and whose resignations are all ready beforehand in the pockets of their chiefs to be used when wanted, were likely to be trustworthy. The few young or youngish men of ability who represent the professions and the Universities in the Gladstonian ranks may be supposed to have chosen their side, and know quite well that the other side is already plentifully and even over-plentifully supplied with better men than themselves. The Welshmen, like the Irishmen, serve Mr. GLADSTONE for a price and with their necks, if not so formally, almost equally in a halter. But still there remains, after deducting these and the wilder English Radicals, a residuum, if not something much more, of men not particularly distinguished, but still more or less of the old Parliamentary type, whom it is a very little surprising to find the mere slaves and items of a Minister and a majority, ready to call black white to-day, and white black to-morrow, to accept a Bill and drop the most important provisions in it, to assent to a pledge and calmly watch it broken, to believe all things, to endure all things, and, above all, to vote all things, just as Mr. GLADSTONE pleases.

It would not be wonderful if Mr. GLADSTONE himself, more particularly, and if his colleagues to some extent, were loth to let go their grasp of a majority so truly *incroyable* and *introuvable* as this; and their extraordinary tactics, or no-tactics, may be simply explained as consisting of nothing but a despairing attempt to give its sop to each section in turn, and a still more despairing hope that in some happy

verse of the chapter of accidents the Goddess of Discord will be able to find a text to stir up strife between the Lords and the people. But what is perhaps more wonderful than the docility of the Gladstonian majority is the patience of the British, but more especially of the English, people. Only the silliest or the most reckless Gladstonians—only those journalists who accuse men in important positions of something like murder one month, and tender abject and grovelling apologies later—only those junior Lords of the Admiralty who think it smart to speak of the Lords as being "the sons, or supposed to be the sons, of their fathers," can assert that there is any general or widespread approval of Mr. GLADSTONE's policy or proceedings. It is notorious that his Government has made no impression on the mass of opposition to it in England, has lost ground in Scotland, and has certainly not gained any in Ireland. And the members of that Government are scarcely less discredited than its programme and tactics. Some foolish toadies about deny that the "irreparable outrage of years" shows heavily on their chief. The best and only generally accepted Minister, Lord ROSEBERY, if he has not exactly tarnished his reputation in the Siamese affair, has certainly not brightened it. Nobody believes in the financial powers of a CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER who will shortly be confronted with a problem which might have puzzled Mr. GLADSTONE or Sir ROBERT PEEL at their cunningest; and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT never intervenes in a debate without exasperating his enemies at very little advantage to his friends. Mr. MORLEY is *gastado*—used up—and has come to governing, when he governs at all, in Ireland by exactly the methods of his predecessor. The HOME SECRETARY's fame was certainly not increased by the comments on his theory of safety valves published in Dublin and Paris, or by his own reversal of his own policy. The VICE-PRESIDENT of the COUNCIL is straining the provisions of law, and setting at naught those of justice, in order to gratify a spite, the circumstances of which are only too well known, at Church schools. The LORD CHANCELLOR insists on keeping a conscience of his own, as well as of HER MAJESTY'S, to the extreme inconvenience of his more lightly burdened colleagues. Lord KIMBERLEY, no doubt, plays his forlorn part in the House of Lords with astonishing pluck and no mean skill, and moves and marches his Lords-in-waiting as bravely as the steward of Tillietudlem did GUSE GIBBIE. But, though Lord KIMBERLEY can communicate to any Ministry the invaluable element of veteranism, he is not exactly the man to save a weak one. As for the rest, they are done for, or not yet "come." And perhaps the most interesting thing about it all is the curious patience of the country, which sees its affairs muddled, its money risked, its defences—to say the least—not very well looked to, its House of Commons made a laughing stock—to oblige Mr. GLADSTONE; and does not get up and say, in the old words, "*Balayez-moi tout ça!*" The result of the Accrington contest, in which a popular candidate, standing under conditions which generally tell in a man's favour, saw more than half his majority melt away, shows that this astounding and unhealthy toleration is melting also, though not so quickly as might have been hoped. The sooner it is with last year's snows, the better for England.

St. authors write differently.
THE FIEND OF PROOF-SHEETS.

THERE must have been a man who saw the first proof-sheet. He did, after all the years which had passed since the Oriental potentate advertised for such a thing in vain, enjoy a new sensation. We cannot doubt but that it was a sensation of pleasure,

like EVE's when she bit into the earliest apple. "How neat it looks," he probably reflected, "how nice and entirely satisfactory!" He knew not that, even as he spoke (probably in German), a new fiend was born, and given power to work naughtiness in the world. Probably all men, when they see their own first proof-sheet, feel like the original sinner who invented printing. Their thoughts, their words, appear before them, as it were, transfigured, and they admire to see themselves in print. It has been stated about some veteran author—we think Dean STANLEY—that his proof-sheets remained a pure joy to him, and that he opened them, in any company, with a fresh infantine eagerness. If this is true, we may explain it partly by an incorrigible innocence of nature, and partly by the circumstance that he probably could not read his own handwriting—few persons could. His proof-sheets, therefore, were a legible revelation of him to himself, like the novels which SCOTT and THACKERAY wrote in illness, and forgot, so that the *Bride of Lammermoor* and parts of *Pendennis* appeared to them as the unknown work of strangers.

But the ordinary world of scribblers very soon learn to detest the *crambe repetita* of their own ideas, served up on first, second, and third courses, in proofs, and revises, and second revises. Like the meals of the Caledonian lunatic, this banquet, in so many relays, all tastes mysteriously of porridge. Mortal eyes cannot peruse it steadily and unwearied, yet mortal eyes persevere. When the last revise is passed, and the proof-reader's queries in red ink have been attended to, and his conjectural emendations, so ingenious and so erroneous, have been rejected in such frantic terms as the dextro-cerebral part of the brain automatically employs, then the author is at rest. But no sooner is his book bound and published, and irrevocable, no sooner does he open a page at random, but a wild and egregious blunder "leaps at his eyes." "Where'er these casual eyes are cast" it is the same thing. New error after new undreamed-of error swims into the ken of the unhappy victim. All the *ns*, in all the proper names, are *us*, and all the *us* are *ns*. "Baudelaire" invariably becomes "Beaudelaire." Dates, given in numerals, have waltzed into novel and unheard-of arrangements of figures. The Norman Conquest occurs in 1666, the Restoration in 1060, and the affair at Ruthven in 1475. Historical characters who died in the sixteenth century are found very vigorous in the eighteenth. Strange delirious references are given to non-existing books of "PAUSANIUS." The most orthodox French quotations have cast away the chains of grammar, and are behaving "*à l'outrance*." The warrior who fought under CHARLES MARTEL at Fontenoy, and who broke the British square at Malplaquet, would alone find himself in his true and native historical element. Blunders often corrected, and fondly believed to be buried, arise in a ghastly resurrection and supremacy of pain.

Nobody is to blame for all this but the Proof-Sheet Fiend. He it is who makes "pie" of careful sentences; he puts an *s* at the end of all nouns followed by a verb in the singular, or adds an *s* to verbs which follow plural nouns. He, and nobody else, has produced an hallucination in the most careful eyes that all is right where everything is wrong. He has caused corrections to be inserted, while the thing corrected also stands defiant where it ought not. He makes type fall out, and causes it to be automatically replaced anyhow in a feverish and lunatic concatenation. He inserts a portrait of Mistress HANNAH MORE opposite the page describing the discovery of Chicago by COLUMBUS. He is the "joquing sprite" familiar to early theological students, who spelled as Heaven pleased. It is needless to build

up an elaborate argument for his existence; for, if he did not exist, how could errors elaborately corrected in the last revise come up smiling in the published volume?

THE NAVY DEBATE.

THE debate on Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's motion last Tuesday served the purpose it was expected by Ministers to serve. We anticipated all that need be said on this point by noting last week that HER MAJESTY'S Ministers had resolved to make use of the navy for a party purpose. Mr. GLADSTONE demolished the case for his own severe constitutional orthodoxy by quoting Lord NORTHBROOK's declaration in 1884. At that time one of his own colleagues did, as we must presume with his consent, make a preliminary statement as to the intention of the Cabinet to strengthen the navy by the next Budget. If Ministers do not think that the activity of France and Russia in ship-building calls for proportionate exertions on our part, this would, of course, be no precedent. But they make no such assertion. They even do something more than imply the contrary. There would, therefore, appear to be no sufficient reason in constitutional orthodoxy why they should not have cut the ground from under Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's feet by making the specific declaration, which they could have made without in the least affecting their proper responsibility. If the motion had then been brought, the Ministry would have been justified, both by precedent and common sense, in asking for a vote of confidence. We may safely look for the sufficient reason for the action of the Ministry in its fear lest the motion should not be brought, and for the efficient cause of its appeal for a vote of confidence in its desire to prove the continued solidity of its majority. The demonstration may be useful in view of coming arrangements for the conduct of business.

The debate has, however, served a purpose of more general utility. It has brought a great deal of loose talk, as to the position of the navy, to the test of what, in a convenient French term, is called a contradictory debate. The result of this wholesome discipline has, as is usual, been to reduce much vague assertion to modest proportions. To be sure, the work has not been done so effectually as is to be wished. The House of Commons, knowing perhaps its own deficiencies, is not fond of academic debates. If it were, and if honourable members could be compelled to stick to the point, some good might be done by an effort to thrash out what is meant by that respectable phrase, "naval supremacy." It is continually used, and yet we venture to doubt whether the great majority of the gentlemen who employ it attach to it any definite meaning. One speaker after another manifestly took it for granted that our "naval supremacy" would be lost if a probable combination of enemies possess a few more battle-ships than we do. Yet they would be put to it to prove their contention. Our naval supremacy will be lost when our ships are driven from the sea; but more ought to be required to do that than a mere superiority of numbers. It is equally taken for granted that a lost battle would leave us helpless. Yet nothing is less certain. When NELSON was asked what would happen if CALDER were beaten, he answered that the French would be in no condition to put to sea for six months after a fight in which they had soundly beaten an English fleet. The well-grounded confidence which dictated that answer shows to what we owed our naval supremacy. It was not to the spirit which is afraid to fight except with the odds at five to three in its favour. It was not to the spirit which was predisposed to "cut and run" whenever the enemy had a few line-of-battle-ships to the good; but to the very different and, we think, more manly resolution to sell

your defeat very dear if you could not win. We are not unaware of the kind of sham smart answer which can be made to this, and, foreseeing it, are content to point out that, without the spirit we prefer, numbers are of no avail, and with it are of very subordinate use. Of what good were numbers to the French and Spaniards who dared not fight HOWE at Gibraltar in 1783? or to GRASSE, when Sir SAMUEL HOOD baffled and beat him off at the Basseterre of St. Kitts? or, coming to our case, what did his one ship more do for the wretched BYNG?

It is no doubt wise not to make your work more difficult than it need be by an insufficient supply of tools. That is a self-evident proposition; but what evidence is there that the supply of tools provided for the nation by the Naval Defence Act is insufficient? or is likely to become so in the next few years, unless the most insane carelessness is displayed? The truth is not easy to get at; for, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said in the debate, figures are quoted which produce a confusing effect. So they are; and for that reason we prefer to examine some of the figures quoted. The alarmist method is well known. The enemy is credited with the utmost efficiency; with everything he has, or says he is going to have; built, building, and ordered to be built are all lumped together as parts of an immediately effective force, and part of his force is counted twice over. Nothing is allowed to pass on your own side which falls below the most exalted standard, and it is tacitly taken for granted that nothing will be done for years. Then a terrible picture is drawn of what will happen a few years hence. It is as easy as lying; and M. CLÉMENCEAU is doing it now in a series of papers on the French Mediterranean Squadron and reserve, in which he maintains that this force, so lately held over us in *terrorem*, is no better than a sham. It has been practised, during the late scare, to an almost impudent extent among ourselves. The French coastguard ships are, for instance, quoted twice over. They are first admitted to be battle-ships, on the ground that they could fight on their coast. Then, the number being made up in this way, all the French vessels are supposed to be able to fight for supremacy on the ocean, though the coastguard ships are notoriously unfit for that purpose. The seven wooden ironclads on the French list are passed as efficient, though the voice of the alarmist would be shrill in the land if such craft were so classed among ourselves. Nothing is said of the fact that they are to be sold out of the French navy so soon as iron or steel vessels can be finished to replace them, and so seven of the vessels now building in France are not to be considered as designed to be an addition to their navy at all. The *Bouvin* is counted as an effective ship, though she is still being built. The *Jeanne d'Arc* is included in the vessels building, though the plans for her are not yet drawn up. But the most striking example of the way in which the alarmists' lists are concocted is supplied by M. EMIL WEYL, the well-known French writer on naval matters. He says, and in that respect he is telling the truth, that the *Revanche* and the *Héroïne* are quoted in this country as among the effective ships of the French navy. He adds—and we see no reason to suppose that he is guilty of deliberate falsehood—that the first has just been sold for 170,000 frs. to a contractor, who is breaking her up at Algiers for the value of her material, while the boilers and machinery have been removed from the second, which is to be sent under sail to Dakar to serve as a harbour ship. As for the Russian ships, we shall do well to remember the ridiculous fuss made in this country over that egregious failure, the *Peter the Great*. The Russian navy has done nothing to prove that it has broken its old tradition of slovenly work, pilfering, and misleading statement.

A view of the facts leads to a repetition of the opinion expressed in the *Saturday Review* from the beginning of this agitation—that there is no ground whatever for fears as to the present strength of the navy. Nor do we see any excuse as yet for prospective terrors. If, indeed, no ships are begun next year or the year after that, the French and Russians will be ahead of us in mere number of vessels by 1898. But Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, of whose administration of the Admiralty we think more nobly than he seems to think himself, has shown that a first-class battle-ship can be finished in three years. Therefore, vessels begun in '94 can be ready in '97, and those begun in '95 can be finished by '98. There is, then, no reason why the Ministry should depart from the usual course as to the preparation of the Estimates and the beginning of work. It might well, if it had not been seeking for a party advantage, have indicated in general terms what it means to propose in the Estimates. The course it has preferred is consistent with its character and its position. It is to be hoped that there is no intention on the part of the Opposition to seek a party advantage in an exaggerated outcry over the weakness of the navy. We would seriously entreat HER MAJESTY'S Opposition to remember that the obligation to treat the navy as above party politics is incumbent on them as well as on Ministers, and also that, even from the party point of view, nothing is gained by helping Ministers to a victory. The Opposition speakers themselves did not pretend that there is any immediate danger, or that there will be any for some five years, and then only if we do what we never did before—cease building entirely. That being so, it was going too far to talk of the need for an immediate building programme. Sir CHARLES DILKE saw immediate danger, but Sir CHARLES DILKE also thought that we ought to evacuate Egypt. Does the Opposition agree with him?

THE HOUSE OF INVALIDS.

"WE are all under fire now," said the gallant French Deputy, when the Chamber proceeded, undaunted by the bomb which had exploded among them, to validate the election of an officer whose military duties and perils might, it was thought, interfere with the discharge of his representative functions. Disease, it is said, in actual warfare kills more than sword or cannon. Members of our Parliament cannot say "We are all in hospital"; but a considerable proportion of them are either on the sick-list, or have been, or will be on it. The malady has naturally been greatest among those who are least able to shirk attendance—that is, among the members of the Government and the officials of the House. The SPEAKER will, it is thought, be unable to re-assume the Chair during the present Session, even supposing it to extend to the end of January, and the severity of his illness is attributed to the fact that it assailed a system weakened by the unexampled labours imposed upon it. The Serjeant-at-Arms has been arrested by that fell serjeant, the influenza. What has happened among the doorkeepers and other lesser persons who help to turn the Parliamentary wheel is not recorded. Following the example of its dignified relative history, journalism, in its Court and personal paragraphs, takes no account of their obscure sufferings. There are gaps on the Treasury Bench. As soon as one is filled up, others are made. For the first time within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the Reporters' Gallery, there is room without inconvenient "scrooging" for all the members of the Government; and, as they are seldom there all at once, great patches of the soiled green leather devoted to what Mr. SHERIDAN called the sitting part of the Parliamentary economy

lie exposed in melancholy reaches, like the shore of a tidal river at low water. The fortitude with which Mr. GLADSTONE, in his occasional and brief visits to the House of Commons, contemplates these hiatuses would be stoical if it were not Christian. They do not affect the buoyancy of his spirits, or his fixed resolution to keep the House at work so long as a quorum of its members, maintaining the proper proportional majority on the Ministerial side, can be got together. *Dulce et decorum*—it is a delight and honour to have the influenza or typhus, or to catch a chill, for the promotion of his electioneering interests.

It is not strange that Mr. JOHN MORLEY should have been one of the first of HER MAJESTY'S present Ministers to fall out of the ranks, and that he should have been forced to seek a refuge in the soothing atmosphere, and mental diversion among the cheerful excitements, of Monte Carlo. Mr. GLADSTONE has used up more Irish Secretaries than any statesman of his time. Dublin Castle is a Castle Dangerous to its occupants, and the Irish office offers its tenant a perilous seat. Its occupants emerge from it with the wild eyes and haggard look of visitors to the Cave of TROPHONIUS, as having undergone some mysterious and terrible experience. Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN reappeared with unabated equanimity and cheerfulness; but he is an exception. The office is too much for men of ordinary flesh and blood; and Mr. JOHN MORLEY is a man not only of flesh and blood, but of tremulous nerves and sensitive temperament. When Sir ARTEGAL undertook the task of pacifying Ireland he was fortunate enough to have for his Chief Secretary "an iron man," not merely in the Bismarckian sense, but literally. For good or ill Mr. GLADSTONE has not been able to find, or invent, a TALUS. It is true that the service which Sir ARTEGAL undertook was to put down lawlessness and rebellion in Ireland:—

During which time that he did there remayne,
His study was true Justice how to deale,
And day and night employed his busie braine
How to reforme that ragged commonweale;
And that same yron man, which could reveale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme be sent
To search out those that used to rob and steale,
Or did rebell gainst lawfull government:
On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment.

These words, in which the author of the *Faëry Queen* describes the policy pursued in Ireland after the rebellion of 1580 under the Viceroyalty of ARTHUR, Lord GREY of WILTON, unfortunately do not apply to Mr. GLADSTONE'S method of dealing with that ragged commonweal. It is precisely the opposite. Mr. JOHN MORLEY'S visits to Ireland and travels in it have not for their object, as TALUS'S had, to search out them who rob and steal, and who rebel against lawful government; or, if he searches them out, it is not to inflict on them most grievous punishment, but to shelter, and even to protect, them. TALUS would never have appointed an Evicted Tenants' Commission, or released dynamiters. His iron flail would have descended very heavily on the shoulders of both. If we are to find a parallel for Mr. GLADSTONE in SPENSER'S allegory of Ireland, it is not in Sir ARTEGAL, but in GRANTORTO, the type of the lawlessness which Sir ARTEGAL subdued. Happily GRANTORTO'S substitute for TALUS is the reverse of an iron man.

THURSDAY'S DIVERSION.

BEFORE the House of Commons returned to the consideration of the Lords' amendments to the Employers' Liability Bill, on Thursday, it had to get through two pieces of work, neither of them, we should imagine, agreeable in itself. First, Mr. GLADSTONE had to discover that he will never be able to say again "I have never known a case in a matter of this

"kind in which any quarter of the House has shown a disposition, when it had full security for the substantial maintenance of any public interest involved, to proceed in an ungracious temper or form in respect of any questions involving the honour of the Royal Family." The "matter of this kind" was the question whether the Duke of SAXE-COBURG is to receive part of that allowance to which he is entitled as Duke of EDINBURGH. A section of the House, headed we need hardly add by Mr. LABOUCHERE, did show an ungracious temper. In view of the line this section took, we feel more surprised than ever that it should be thought worth while to attempt to conciliate the class of critic of which Mr. LABOUCHERE is the shining exemplar. The Duke of SAXE-COBURG has voluntarily resigned the larger of the two Parliamentary allowances made to him as a Prince of the Blood of this country. All he has gained by his action is a demand in Parliament by Mr. LABOUCHERE that he should be called upon to give up the remainder, accompanied by a characteristic inquiry what he has done with the instalments of the larger allowance which have been payable up to date. It is true that the House of Commons refused Mr. LABOUCHERE leave to make a motion. But the majority which stopped this proposal to have a "Society Newspaper" night in the House would have done the same if the DUKE had stood to what we hold is his unquestionable right; if he had—namely, insisted on keeping what was given to him as a member of the Royal House, since his succession to the Duchy of Coburg has in no way affected that quality. These wrangles over such sums of money as the House would vote with unanimity and enthusiasm if demanded for warming their own plates at dinner, are very abject. As they are not to be avoided, except by absolute surrender, the more practical course would be to surrender nothing.

The discussion on Mr. KNOX'S alleged breach of privilege was disagreeable in another way. Mr. BARTLEY, who raised the question of privilege, thought that, after Panama, it is desirable to take notice of charges of "tripotage" when they are brought at large against members of Parliament. Mr. KNOX denied that he had meant what Mr. BARTLEY alleged that he had meant. The speech, as far as we can judge from the condensed report quoted from the *Daily Chronicle*, was built on that useful formula:—"Mind you, I bring no charge against anybody; I only say that there are some who," &c. &c.; "and, of course, it is all correct, but," &c. &c. Accompanied by the knowing glance and sagacious wink, this formula has been known to effect quite as much as a direct charge would do, and at trifling risk of an action for libel. Whether Mr. KNOX leered, and sneered, and winked, we do not know. There is nothing in the usual methods of the Parliament-men of his party to make it improbable that he had recourse to methods of expression which have this advantage, that, while they effect their purpose, they cannot be taken down by a reporter or produced in evidence. Moreover, the gentleman (using the word in its Parliamentary sense) who employs them can always assert with a clear Parliamentary conscience that he did not say so and so. The most interesting features of this episode are, first, that Mr. BARTLEY seriously thought it worth while to bring Mr. KNOX'S general aspersions before the House, and then that, before the conversation was over, another honourable member got up to prove that he was right in supposing that a "Panama" might not inconceivably be set going here. Mr. BURNS wanted to know, and even insisted upon knowing, though in vain, whether the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY would not "take early steps to make the acceptance of office in connexion with Companies a compulsory vacation of the seat of the peer or commoner accepting such

"office?" Mr. BURNS said nothing about the consequences of accepting office in connexion with a Trade-Union, and we can quite understand why he did not. It would be vastly convenient to the Unions if the representatives of great combinations of employers could be excluded from the House; and it would be highly inconvenient to the Labour member if the receipt of a salary from a Union were a bar to the holding of a seat. But this example of Labour-member human nature is neither novel nor important. All we care to note is, that this sally of Mr. BURNS shows that there is a Panama scandal abroad in the House.

THE THIRD CHRISTMAS DAY UNDER CROMWELL.

THE Long Parliament, as the "Supreme Head" of English religion, had abolished Christmas Day to satisfy the clamours of "the Nonconformist Conscience." On the Christmas Day of 1655—such was the cruel irony of history—the "Three Nations" had spent a whole year without any Parliament. The supreme headship of religion had come into the hands of the new Cæsar, who hated Parliaments more than any of the national kings had done. To the destruction of the Rump and the Barebones Parliaments, in 1653, he had now added the destruction of his own first Parliament at the very beginning of the year, and he and his Council were denounced by Cornet Day in December from the pulpit of Allhallows as "the breakers of Parliaments." It is doubtful whether he would have called another Parliament, as he did in 1656, but for his pressing need of money to support his costly policy. "Some may think a hard thing to raise money without Parliamentary authority," said he, in his Speech at the dissolution of his first Parliament on January 22, 1655.

So he found it to be throughout the year. Hence it was one of the "additional instructions" which were issued on Christmas Day, 1655, to his Majors-General, or "Bashaws," as Ludlow called them:—"You are to find out what Moneys collected for the public Service, on any Act or Ordinance, remain undisposed off; and you are to require that the persons holding them pay them to your nominee." His rule was branded by one of the apocalyptic lecturers at Allhallows a few days before Christmas as "a government of thieves and robbers," from "the Great Thief at Whitehall" downwards. The State Papers show that the nation was pestered throughout with dishonest jobbers and place-mongers, "defrauders of the Commonwealth," forgers of Debentures and Public Faith Bills, and rogues in office who offered to expose other rogues in office. One of the worst of these, Colonel Edmund Harvey, the robber of the Customs, spent his Christmas in the Tower. Cromwell's Council received a petition from the rogue at its Christmas Day sitting. He complained of illness, and begged his old comrades to permit him to go out for a month on security "to my house at Fulham." This house was the Bishop of London's Palace, which the pious "Mr. Sacrilege Harvey" had bought at a cheap rate when the Nonconformist Aldermen of the City were getting good bargains for themselves out of the "nationalization" of the Bishop's lands. He was not content with the property of the gentle Bishop Juxon, but managed to get some of the common lands in Fulham and Hammersmith into his grasp, and had inclosed the ancient pathway along Thames-side. His popular nickname was "the Lord Bishop of Fulham." This robber-Commissioner of Customs had a great reputation for what Puritanism called "godliness." He had been a Nonconformist during the Wars, and an advocate for a national Presbyterian Church; but, after the setting up of the Rump Commonwealth, like other time-serving place-mongers, he turned Independent.

Cromwell's first Parliament had been diligent to sit on the Christmas Day of 1654, so as to do reverence to the Parliamentary abolition of the festival. His Highness's Council, however, did not sit on that day. But on the Christmas Day of 1655 the Council could not afford to take holiday; for the fifteen soldiers and gentlemen who composed it had all the labours of a Parliament upon their hands. Seven members were absent, eight appeared; they sat morning and afternoon. The Lord Protector and his "Three Great Ones," Desborow, Fleetwood, and Lambert, stayed away. Desborow was busy at his duties as Major-

General of the West, taxing or "decimating" the Cavaliers, instructing mayors and justices of the peace, packing juries, examining suspected persons, ejecting orthodox priests who had found their way back into their parishes, instituting Nonconformists and Sectaries in their stead, repressing Quakers, and taking precautions against the gathering together of the common folk for horse-races, bear-baitings, cock-fightings, plays, interludes, sports, and "other unlawful assemblies, because," as Cromwell said in his instructions, "Rebellion is usually hatched at such assemblies." The two Quakeress missionaries, Barbara Pattison and Margaret Killin, who were seized at Plymouth a few days after Christmas, tell us incidentally that the Devonshire people managed to keep their Christmas in the old way in spite of all prohibition. "They deck themselves with new sutes of apparel; they have some certain play-days; there is much destroying of the creatures upon the lusts of the people, which the people call Good Cheer; abundance is provided against that time. And this," say the two ladies, "is in most parts throughout the nation." There were maskers and mummers still. "People disguise themselves," say they, "and play at gold-games, as they call them. And they have wassel-cups, as they call them. And there is much great doing in houses called gentlemen's houses at that time called Christmas." "We desire you," the two Quaker she-apostles triumphantly asked, "which call yourselves Ministers and Orthodox men, to give the grounds of Scripture for the things your people practise at the time called Christmas, and where Christ and His Apostles commanded anie such thing? Give us some examples out of Scripture." Cromwell's "Bashaws" had as little mercy for the Quaker disturbers as they had for the orthodox clergy and the common folk. The likeness between Quaker threats of Christ's immediate spiritual Coming and the Fifth Monarchy threats of His more material Advent, and the fact that so many of the leading Quaker apostles had served in the army, raised a suspicion in Cromwell's mind that they secretly agreed in political hatred to his rule.

Although Fleetwood, the Lord Deputy of Ireland, did not appear in the Council on Christmas Day, he was present at the time in London on Irish business, as we learn from Ludlow's account of his interview with him in December. Possibly Fleetwood thought it decent not to be present, since his colleagues in the Council spent part of their Christmas sitting in careful attention to his landed interests in England. A petition which he had sent to them from Ireland in September, concerning some manors which he had obtained in Norfolk and Suffolk, and for which he said he had paid too much, was debated by Council on Christmas Day, and settled to Fleetwood's advantage.

There is no record, so far as we know, how Cromwell himself spent the day. He may have gone to Windsor, whither sometimes he made his Council follow him. If he stayed at Whitehall, he was probably dictating to Secretary Thurloe. There is a letter under Thurloe's signature, dated "Whitehall, December 25, 1655," to Cromwell's son Henry, the Major-General of the English army in Ireland, giving him the latest English news. The two men had been corresponding about the transportation of "a thousand Irish wenches," whom Henry Cromwell was to seize and send to the newly won plantation at Jamaica. The great difficulty was the expense of their clothing. Henry was troubled in Ireland, like his father in England, by the Republican Anabaptists. Thurloe gossips to him about the "Bedlam preaching" at Allhallows Church, in Thames Street, and about the disagreement of the godly divines in Cromwell's Committee for discussing the admission of "the Jewish nation" to enjoy freedom of trade and worship in England. The Majors-General were inclined to admit the Jews, for the sake of trade. Hugh Peters, as an Anglo-Israelite, had doubts "whether they were really Jews."

A Royalist correspondent in Calais wrote to Secretary Nichols:—"I hear from England that, while others enjoyed their Christmas with mirth and freedom, Cromwell doubled his guards of horse and foot, on either real or pretended fear of the Anabaptists." The fear was probably real, if we may trust *The Message of the Twelve*. This quaint and lengthy "faithfull narrative" was compiled by twelve members, elected from John Rogers's "Church Society," to go to Cromwell at Whitehall, "every one with his Bible in his hands," and demand the release of their fierce pastor, whom the Protector was still keeping in gaol, "a prisoner for the testimony of Jesus." When the messengers, "with

other dear saints of several churches," came to the door of the Council Chamber, the keeper thrust them back, and told them "they must all go down again, and go through the Guard Chamber." They refused, as they could see that Cromwell was in the Council Chamber, "with many gentlemen of the Court-complexion. But the keeper answered, You must do it; I have order for it." So they complied, "not the least resisting. But the main end, as we found afterwards, was to try whether we were sword-proof or no." Cromwell's "Guards," said they, "fell foully upon us with their swords and their halberds; struck at our Bibles, hands, and heads; fighting, slashing, and beating the poor Christians." When they got "into the Chamber of Henry VIII.," and complained of the ill-usage to "his Court sycophants," one of these gentlemen answered, "For aught he knew, there might be a designe to murder some or other."

Fleetwood, by his recent marriage of Ireton's widow, had become the Protector's son-in-law. Another member of the Cromwellian dynasty by marriage, his niece's husband—Colonel William Lockhart, one of the members for Scotland in the Barebones Parliament—applied to Secretary Thurloe, on Christmas Day, to look after his landed interests in England. A heap of petitions from private persons was discussed in Council on the same day. Some were from distressed Cavalier noblemen, the Earl of Northampton being one. Clement Kinnersley, "His Highness' Wardrobe-Keeper at Whitehall and Windsor," who seems to have been much out of pocket, applied for his arrears. The Council thought he deserved a salary of 600*l.* a year, and resolved "that His Highness be desired to pass a patent under the Great Seal for the said salary."

A great part of the Council's time on Christmas Day was occupied with the granting of "Augmentation" to the godly ministers who had preached down Christmas. It had been a great feature of Cromwell's policy since his defeat of the Presbyterian Scots at Worcester, and it was one main cause of the anger of the Barebones and the army "Saints" against him, to reconcile the intruded Nonconformist incumbents, who were mostly Presbyterians, to his Government. It was to satisfy the scream of this party that he had issued, in the July of this year, his brutal Proclamation, ordering the ejection of all those sequestered clergy who had found their way back into their parishes—either by the favour of the patron or through suits of law against the Nonconformist intruder. Many of the best scholars, saints, and liberal theologians in England were ejected or re-ejected from their parishes by the Majors-General on the ground of this Proclamation. It was Caesar's reply to a "Petition from Godly Ministers molested by Sequestered Ministers," and he casuistically entitled it "A Proclamation for the Relief of Godly Ministers against suits and molestations by persons Sequestered, or not Approved"—that is, who could not satisfy the inquisition of his bigoted and ignorant "Tues," a "Committee for the Approbation of Public Preachers." It was aimed in part at the lawyers as known friends to the clergy. "All Lawyers," said the *Faithful Scout* for July 6, "are excluded from pleading for Sequestered ministers." The great lawyers were terrorized by Cromwell, as Ludlow has shown; nevertheless, they did not hide their sympathy with "the old clergy." The lawyers elected Archbishop Usher as their preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and his chaplain, Dean Bernard, at Gray's Inn. St. Mary Magdalen, Milk Street, from which Anthony Faringdon was again ejected this year, was the Sunday resort of professional men, and known all over London as "the Scholars' Church."

As Cromwell had rescued the tithes when they were threatened by the "Blessed Act," in the Barebones Parliament, so he was in favour of increasing the endowment of "godly and well-affected Public Preachers." The Nonconformist intruders were incessantly appealing to His Highness for the grant of an "augmentation." When the petition was backed by the approval of his "Committee for the Maintenance of Ministers" it was always granted. His Council voted such "augmentations" almost daily by twos and threes; but they celebrated the Christmas Day of 1655 by the extraordinary grant of between seventy and eighty of these augmentations. It is instructive to find that they were all given to intruded incumbents in the West, which had been the scene of "the late insurrection," and was now being dragooned into quiet by its Major-General Desborow. He told Cromwell in a letter from Gloucester, a few days after Christmas, that he "found nothing done, either at

Bristol or in Gloucestershire, upon the Ordinances for ejecting scandalous ministers. And the reason is for want of active Commissioners. Now the worke beinge of soe high a concernment, it were sad it should fall to the ground, which unavoydably it will doe in these partes without Your Highness' and the Counsell's Order for an additionall number of Commissioners." He wrote the same day to Thurloe, saying that there was "noe small discouragement of the well-affected," and that he had prepared a list of names of men from whom "a thorough worke might be expected." The wholesale batch of "augmentations" granted by the Council on Christmas Day to the godly preachers of "Nicholas in Bristol," "Martins in Sarum," "James and Magdalens in Taunton," "Peters in Marlborough," Cirencester, Tewkesbury, and about seventy other places in the Western counties, had probably received Desborow's commendation; they were doubtless political bribes to the Nonconformist conscience for its local support of the Cromwellian Caesarism. A fawning letter to Cromwell from J. Wells, the intruded Nonconformist incumbent of Tewkesbury, in the *Publick Intelligencer* for December 24, seems to place this beyond doubt. "The Protector," says the Quaker Sewell, under the year 1655, "hearkened too much to the flatteries of these teachers, who, being now entred into the possessions of the Episcopalians, exalted him as their Idol; and he, revering them as those who could strengthen his authority with the people, winked at the grievous persecution carried on at their instigation."

The only specimen of anti-Christmas literature published at this Christmastide, so far as we can discover, was the work of a fanatical Independent who had been intruded into the parish from which the learned and pious Anthony Faringdon had been ejected. Hezekiah Woodward, the Cromwellian Vicar of Bray, "near His Highness's Castle of Windsor," was scandalized at the failure of the surrounding godly ministers to suppress the popular observation of Christmas. Woodward, like all the other Independents intruded upon the parishes as the State's "Public Preachers," had "gathered a congregation" out of the parish, to which alone he ministered, and neglected the real congregation or parish. He describes the parishioners in his pamphlet as "two-footed swine," and as "washed swine, who have nothing to plead for their Christianity but that they were baptized presently after they were born." He refused to give them Holy Communion, saying "Swine are not fit to sit at the Lord's Table with Saints." He refused even to baptize their children. These "swine," in his own and other Berkshire parishes, still persisted in observing Christmas Day. They flocked to the churches, and insisted that they should be opened. The godly ministers were much troubled at the perversity of "the sottish, brutish people," who regarded neither the laws of the State nor of the Bible. They had a debate over the question. Some recommended that, as so many gathered together on the day, "it should be honoured a Sermon." Other "reverend ministers" pointed out that this would be giving a sanction to the common people's idolatry. A third party suggested that a compromise might be made. "A good minister and godly man," said they, "might so choose his text, and so handle it, as to throw out the observation of the day." It was at last agreed that the solution of the difficult case of the Nonconformist conscience should be handed over to Hezekiah Woodward, who undertook to write a treatise upon it. So he issued an intolerant pamphlet with a prodigious title, which summarizes its argument and contents:—"Christ-Mas-Day (1) The Old Heathen's Feasting-day in honour of Saturn their God; (2) The Papist's Massing-day; (3) The Prophane Man's Ranting-day; (4) The Superstitious Man's Idol-day; (5) The Multitude's Idle-day, whereon, because they can do nothing, they do worse than nothing; (6) Satan, that Adversaries Working-day; (7) The True Christian's Fast-ing-day." This is not the whole of Woodward's title, but it is enough to indicate his line of attack. First, it is the duty of a godly minister to crush out "the name Christmas," never to use it himself, and to correct all who make use of it. The godly minister must not wait until the season comes, but all the year round, in season and out of season, he "ought to teach his people that Christmas is not to be kept holy; he ought to trouble them about it; he ought to beat them off from that observation, whereunto they will feel themselves driven by a Cursed Thing within them." Even if godly ministers were to set up their own great sermon-idol on that day, though they

used the sermon to attack the day, they would do wrong; "for," said he, "they would run with the multitude that keep holy-day. Hear how the People cry it up! It is certainly a day of their own: their sin is, that they like it so well. Were there anything of it, had it God's stamp upon it, how would the People abhor it." "You will not find ten Godly persons now a dayes," said Woodward, "maintaining the observation, either by their writing, preaching, or practice." The keeping of Christmas had become a mark of the very publicans and sinners—a thing wicked in itself. Therefore it could not be made good, even "supposing any of us," said he to his fellow Pharisees, "did as devoutly serve God on that day, as devoutly as the most of the National Church do serve the Devil on that day." The treatise of the Independent Vicar of Bray is full of attacks upon "the National Church." This shows how absurd it is to say, as even so learned an Independent has just said (in a memoir of Noah Porter), that such vicars were "ejected from the Church of England," at the Restoration, by the Act of Uniformity. They had never considered themselves as within the National Church, but simply as the State's established and endowed "Public Preachers," which, indeed, was the legal title given them by the Rump "Commonwealth," and continued to them by Cromwell after his destruction of the Commonwealth.

JOURNALISM IN PARTIBUS.

IF the dispatch of an Opium Commission is a source of pardonable irritation to the taxpayer who will be called upon to pay for it, it is certainly not less so to the Indian journalist who is required to edit its reports, and who finds his work sensibly heavier from the weight of so much additional matter on his columns. And for pure heaviness the witnesses before the Opium Commission have surely seldom or never had their equal. So that the present time may be said to be a particularly infelicitous one for the journalist in India. But still the life, until the first blush of novelty has worn off, is profoundly interesting. It is so different from Fleet Street, and yet again so like it. Picture the scene as it presents itself to his eyes. A huge room, big enough to hold the whole ground plan of a suburban villa, with ceiling ten feet higher than any English room, in sole occupation of two desks, one table, two men, and a few bookcases full of books. The ceiling, by the way, is not a ceiling in our sense of the word, but is built of white-washed beams laid crosswise. The walls are whitewashed, the windows go down to the ground, and have wooden outside blinds painted a dull green, to keep out the sun. Beyond this a huge verandah, with heavy stone roof twenty feet high supported on stone pillars, the whole presenting the appearance—like so many Indian houses—of being built to stand a siege or repel an army. The two desks, with the two men at them, are placed far away from each other, in order to secure the maximum of air. If one man wants to hand a paper to another, he calls a servant, and sends it across the room in that way, thereby "conserving" energy to an appreciable extent. The punkahs are down at present, for this is the "cold" weather—it is not unlike the English summer we left behind us in London in September—but doors and windows are all alike open and create at least four distinct draughts. The desks are covered with papers in wild confusion, just as in Fleet Street. The pigeon-holes are crowded with miscellaneous documents which the proprietor vainly attempts to arrange methodically—which, again, is very like Fleet Street. Outside, from the verandah, nothing can be seen save roofs, roofs, roofs, all flat, with in some cases white-clothed natives standing on them. Within the room nothing is to be heard save a scratching pen, the "crackle" of proofs as they are turned over, and from time to time the call *Piyadah*, when something is to be sent down to the printers. The crows keep up their continuous cawing, and occasionally a small bird hops in through the open window to retreat hastily on finding nothing more appetizing than paper to devour. Both men are smoking, both are a little taciturn, and the *Dak-Edition* slowly comes into shape that the up-country people may not be left in total ignorance as to the proceedings of the Government which shapes their destinies.

Such is the scene by day. By night it is not much changed. Only the details are different. It is midnight, and there are still telegrams to come in, speeches in

Burmah, cataclysms in the Punjab and the North-West Provinces; and proofs, always proofs. For there is no end to proof-reading on an Indian newspaper. The readers are Eurasians, the compositors don't know English. If a mistake has once crept into the text, and it invariably does—several times, in fact—it is practically ineradicable. Neither the angels in Heaven above nor the demons down under the sea can expel it. It is corrected again and again, but to no purpose.

The night air outside is cool enough, but within it is hot and heavy, and flavoured with paraffin from the lamps. Mosquitoes flit about you, and you try to kill them if you are energetic. A huge cockroach crosses the floor close by you. You rise hastily, and stamp upon it. This is the remains of the restless activity you bring with you from England. After a few months you will merely lift your feet from the ground, and place them on a chair; there is no armour against fate, nor resistance against numbers, and your creeping foes are legion in this strange land. Nor is your office safe from even larger game; for, from time to time, a rat scurries across the room while you are intent on proof-reading. Then telegrams begin to arrive, impossibly abbreviated in some places, and absurdly diffuse in others—for are not your correspondents paid by the word! Some of the sentences are literally unintelligible, and you have to rewrite them by inspiration—again as in Fleet Street. You punctuate them, cut them into paragraphs, put in the "ands" and the "buts," and try to give them some semblance of grammatical construction before consigning them to the printer's reader. Then they come up piece by piece in proof horribly mutilated by the native compositor, are revised and returned again and again, while the long night drags on towards the dawn. At length all is finished, if there can be any finality in Indian proofs, and you rise with a yawn and struggle into an overcoat. As you go out into the grey night a thick white mist closes round you, and wraps you like a pall. You button your coat over your evening dress with a shiver, the first real shiver you have had since you landed in India, and stroll homeward. The streets look weird and eerie in their garment of clinging grey mist, and the street lamps glimmer feebly.

If you had fancied that you had left fogs behind you in London, you are quickly undeceived. The familiar yellow species, indeed, is absent, but the white remains. Under the portico of your office you will find the wooden beds on which your printers are at rest, and all along the pavement lie row on row of white, corpse-like figures, wrapped each apparently in his grave-clothes, asleep. Most of them are deadly still; but one or two toss to and fro, and the white mist wraps all alike. It can hardly be a wholesome place of repose. There is not a vehicle in sight, and you stroll wearily along the pavements, stepping over a sleeping figure at intervals, and wondering vaguely whether you will be able to find where you live in the fog, and whether, in your then state of fatigue, it would not be simpler for you, too, to lie down upon the stones of the pavement, or under the sheltering portico of a shop, and sleep as these people sleep. But a vague horror of bats and beetles and other creeping things with which, together with the heathen, the books of our childhood people the Indian Empire, restrains you, and as you walk in the cold damp air your senses grow more awake, and are keener to receive impressions. The horror and the strangeness of these sleeping figures give way to a feeling of interest, of amusement even. It is not quite like the *Arabian Nights*, all light and warmth and colour; but it is supremely interesting, and you find yourself wondering whether in England, as time goes on and population increases and the workman finds home living further and further from his work, he, too, will not insist on putting out his bed on the pavement of Chapside or the Strand under the shelter of the shop-awnings, and decline to be "moved on" by the energy of the Metropolitan Police. It appears to solve the problem of rents for the working man in a way that no other scheme has ever done. Presently a belated "gharrie," a vehicle which, with its wooden blinds in place of windows, combines about equally the horrors of a London growler and a prison-van, receives you into its cavernous receptacle. The driver knows no English, you know no Hindustani, and the native name of your street differs wholly from the English one. Moreover, your house has a number, and you have forgotten its Hindustani equivalent. Finally, you arrange by signs to direct the driver with your stick, and thus slowly, and with infinite jolting and rattling, you make your way to your boarding-house,

You give your driver a rupee because you have no other coin. It is about double his lawful fare, but he curses you in an unknown tongue, till you dismiss him with your only Hindustani phrase, "Jehannum ja,o," of which the translation shall not sully the pages of this *Review*.

The lamp is burning in your bedroom as you enter—lamps burn all night in India—and your "bearer" rises from his sleep on the floor outside the door as you approach. You sink lazily into an easy-chair, and he proceeds to remove your boots, your socks, and your clothes generally. It is like a return to childhood when your nurse undressed you before putting you to sleep. Your bed looms large but inviting in the centre of the room, looking, under the great square mosquito curtain, like, some meat-safe turned miraculously white, a "leprous meat-safe," in fact, to parody a certain poet of the decadence. Your "bearer" raises one side of the curtain and you crawl in. The light is turned down, he performs his *salaam*, and you sink into sleep. In the hot weather this part of the programme will be less agreeable. The air will be stifling, and you will lie and toss till morning, instead of attaining your well-earned peace. Even the punkah will "punk" in vain, as a missionary during his novitiate was once heard to fretfully murmur, and if you sleep at all, it will only be while the man who pulls the punkah wakes. For, by the law of compensation, if not from mere discomfort, the moment he dozes and the punkah stops you wake up. However, the day of these things is not yet, and sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE task which Signor Crispi has courageously undertaken is difficult, but by no means insuperable. The finances of Italy are in a bad way, and they must be restored to order if the country is to hold her place in the comity of nations. But they were in a far worse plight for several years after the war of 1859. Signor Crispi may find it possible to effect a considerable reduction in the army and the navy budget; but he will still have to keep up a large naval and military expenditure. For all that, we are persuaded that he can restore order in the finances if he has stipulated for a free hand, if he is loyally supported by his colleagues, and, above all, if he looks for support to all that is good in the population of Italy. A very large saving can be effected in the Public Works expenditure. That expenditure has been utterly extravagant, badly planned, inefficiently applied, and the first thing the new Government ought to do is to cut it down ruthlessly. When M. de Freycinet's programme caused disorder in the French finances some years ago, the French Government did not hesitate to stop the programme, and to throw upon the great railway Companies most of the burden which the State previously had contemplated undertaking. If Signor Crispi follows the example of France, the enemies of Italy will be surprised to find before very long what an improvement he will be able to effect in the credit of his country. Signor Crispi can also effect a large saving in the administrative services. Perhaps our readers will recollect that his last Ministry fell on a proposal to reduce largely the provincial administrations. The representatives of the provinces and the banks combined against him, and he was ejected from office. Experience since has shown that he was right, and that his opponents were wrong; and if he has the courage now to appeal to the real public from the corrupt politicians, he will be able to carry out a very material economy. Signor Crispi ought likewise to deal vigorously with the banking question. The scandals of the past twelve months have made known to all the world how the banks were at the bottom of most of the mischief that has been done. They were used as means of corruption, and through them it became possible to carry on the maladministration which has brought Italy to her present pass. When last in office, it was known that the present Prime Minister intended dealing in a high-handed way with the banks, and it was their combination with the "Local" interests that overthrew him. The recent scandals have weakened the banks. It is impossible that they can repeat now what they did a few years ago; and if Signor Crispi has the courage and resolution which he had then, and proceeds vigorously, he will very soon make a great change in the economic condition of the country. It need hardly be pointed out that a good

banking system is absolutely essential in these modern days to the prosperity of a country, and that the Italian banks are amongst the worst in the whole of Europe. Everything seems to show that the respectable part of the Italian population is at length alive to the necessity for taking the matter in hand, and that it will support the Government if the Government acts promptly and boldly. Much of the difficulties of the State arise out of the wild speculation in houses and lands that was fostered by the banks some years ago. The banks at present have lost a very large part of their capital, or, if it is not actually lost, it is at all events so locked up as to be entirely unavailable. There ought to be a complete and a quick liquidation, so as to enable the banks to render the services to trade and agriculture for which they were founded. When all this is done Signor Crispi will require to reform the local administrations. But that will have to wait until the credit of the State is restored and the banks are able to work freely once more. It is unnecessary, therefore, to dwell upon what ought to be done with the local authorities.

All through the week money has been in very strong demand. The Continental withdrawals of gold continue; there is more employment for money in the provinces since the resumption of work by the coal-miners; and the million and a half of six months India Council bills have had to be paid for. A good business has been done by the Bank of England in loans at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and in the open market the rate has been sometimes as high as $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The discount rate has somewhat risen, but is still hardly $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. As soon as the new year sets in, it is expected that money will become both plentiful and cheap.

The Report of the United States Secretary of the Treasury estimates the deficit for the current financial year at 28 million dollars, or a little over $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling. The Secretary recommends that Congress should authorize the Government to borrow 200 million dollars, or 40 millions sterling, at 3 per cent. He thinks that the loan could be placed at home without the intervention of bankers. The loan, he adds, ought to be for a short term of years. It will be seen that the American Government does not contemplate borrowing abroad. Indeed, it is certain that it can raise the money much more cheaply and advantageously at home than in Europe. But, although the Secretary is of opinion that the worst of the crisis is now over, he fears that there will be a deficit next year—that is, in the year beginning with July next—and, therefore, he fixes the amount to be borrowed at 40 millions sterling, which is about double what has hitherto been thought probable. It is likely, of course, that the whole amount will not be needed.

The India Council again offered for tender, on Wednesday, 50 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers; but there were no allotments, only a very small amount having been applied for, and the price having been below the minimum fixed by the Council. As the Bill authorizing the Secretary of State for India to borrow in this market has now been passed by both Houses of Parliament, it is expected that a fresh loan will be raised early next month. The demand for silver for India continues exceedingly large, and the price rose on Wednesday to $32\frac{3}{4}$ d. per ounce, but fell again on Thursday to $32\frac{1}{2}$ d. There is much speculation in the City as to the cause of the continued large shipments. The general opinion is that it is purely speculative; that the natives are expecting a heavy duty to be imposed upon the metal; that they calculate that this will raise the price very considerably; and that they are supplying themselves largely, therefore, in the hope of selling at a profit. But there are those who fear that the native mints are coining largely.

The Committee appointed to investigate the affairs of the Industrial and General Trust has issued its report. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the assets were of the nominal value of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions, and that the Directors in their proposal to reconstruct estimated that there had been a loss of about 803,000*l*. The Committee report, on the contrary, that the loss has been as much as 1,626,000*l*. They propose, therefore, that the capital shall be cut down from $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions to a little over 833,000*l*, and that the Preferred and Deferred shares be consolidated into one Stock, with equal rights as to capital and income.

Business upon the Stock Exchange has been very inactive all through the week, owing to the near approach of the Christmas holidays. The Stock Exchange will be closed to-day as well as on Monday and Tuesday, and therefore

few have cared to enter into new engagements. At the same time, considering all the circumstances, markets have been fairly steady. Undoubtedly there is a better feeling at home. There are signs of improving trade, and it is expected that the improvement will become more marked after Christmas. Even in the United States, although prices fell heavily early in the week, there has since been a decided recovery, largely because of the good dividends declared by the Vanderbilt Railway Companies, and to a considerable extent likewise in consequence of the Secretary of the Treasury's report, which is considered favourable. The Argentine House of Representatives has confirmed the settlement of the debt agreed upon between the Government and the Rothschild Committee, and the Senate is expected to do the same almost immediately. But the news from Brazil continues very unfavourable. On the Continent the Bourses are very quiet, partly owing to the near approach of the end of the year, and partly because of the proposed breach of faith by Greece and the difficulties of Italy and Spain.

There is little change in the best classes of securities; but Indian Sterling Threes closed on Thursday at 98½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 99; Canadian Three and a Half per Cents closed at 103½, a fall of ½; and South Australian Three and a Half closed at 92½, also a fall of ½. In the Home Railway market prices generally are lower. London and North-Western closed on Thursday at 164½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 165; Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 104½, a fall of ½; Great Eastern closed at 75, a fall of ½; and South-Western Undivided closed at 186, a fall of 2. In the American department there has been a considerable downward movement. Beginning with the speculative securities—which are entirely unsuited to the investor—we find that Union Pacific shares closed on Thursday at 20½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 21½; Northern Pacific Preferred closed at 21, a fall of 1½; and Atchison Ordinary closed at 18, a fall of 2½. Passing next to the stocks on which dividends are sometimes paid, and sometimes not, we find that Louisville and Nashville closed on Thursday at 50½, a fall of 1 compared with the preceding Thursday, while Milwaukee closed at 60½, a fall of as much as 4. Coming next to the regular dividend-paying shares, we find that Illinois Central closed at 94, a fall of 2; that New York Central closed at 103, likewise a fall of 2; and that Lake Shore closed at 126½, a fall of 2½. The more speculative bonds are likewise lower. Thus Erie Second Mortgage closed on Thursday at 78½, a fall of 1½ compared with the preceding Thursday; and Atchison Gold Mortgage Fours closed at 71, a fall of 4. Argentine securities are a little lower. The Fives of 1886 closed on Thursday at 66½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 67½; and the Funding loan closed at 70½, likewise a fall of ½. Argentine railway stocks, too, are lower. Great Southern Ordinary closed at 104-6, a fall of 2. Inter-Bourse securities are somewhat down. Italian closed on Thursday at 81½, a fall of 1 compared with the preceding Thursday; but Greek bonds of 1881 closed at 31½, a rise of as much as 1½.

TAKE YOUR OATH OF IT?

FOR every decently equipped man had his own oath; and they were at their best in no wise more innocent, though often more ingenious, than "Dot my i's!"—recommended to the young person of Girtton and elsewhere—or "Debit and credit!" which last may be a stock-jobber's swear, for all we know. It sounds less fineable than "Bones-a-dod, man!" Alderman Curtis's cry in the *Life and Death of Capt. Thos. Stucley*. One dimly remembers some similar American joke, too, about the timely shouting of the name of Eudamidas, brother of some mythic Spartan king. But this is not the way to escape a serious subject, or the statute in such case made and provided.

We know that Autolycus outdid all other men in thievery and skill in swearing, and therefore did Ulysses go to Parnassus—gained by his vigorous style!—to see Autolycus and the sons of Autolycus, the noble father of the mother of the wily Ulysses. What the terrible swearing in Flanders was may conveniently be seen in the fifty-third chapter of *Roderick Random*, for which Smollett (of all measly-

mouthed people) apologized in his preface thereto. And if the Spaniards had any voice in forming this lavish low language of the Low Countries, a very fine list of some seventy round oaths of theirs in those days is still extant in Brantôme. Nathless is it now maintained, by those who know, that the best of swearing is to be learnt of your Californian mule-driver, by reason of the extra local cussedness of that hybrid.

But, as one was saying, the oath was the man; and the nice conduct of a clouded cane was mere jessamy knack compared to the fluent easy rapping of your oath. We might take our stand upon this ground, and tell bad stories of the oaths of kings. Our Norman Henry II, throughout an uncomplimentary old *Life of Thomas à Becket*, swears his great oath, "Per oculos Dei." Poor St. Louis of France held off swearing—swore off, if it be more topical—as far as he could, and when it was enough to make a saint swear he could only get out "En nom de Mi!" or, as the Chronicle of St. Denis has it, "Au nom de Moy!" and what relief was there in that? There must have been some, however; and indeed, well considered, it is not too far off "Oh, Lud!" if it be hunted through Louis, Ludovicus, Ludwig, and King Lud. And these expletives of the hindered will, when they rise to the tongue and burst from the mouth, without any instant aid or confab of the brain, are mainly mere "reflex action," as the jargon goes, of the "involuntary muscular" nature, although Darwin did omit this great safety-valve from his *Expression of the Emotions*. It used to be told of Fuseli that, seeing his wife one day in a terrible taking, he said in a tone of advice, "Swear, my dear; swear heartily; you don't know how 'twill relieve you." "Dicers' oaths," as any calm observer may ascertain, are indispensable expletives of pent-up excitation, failing which the motionless gamester ought to burst. "In came I with a lurching cast, and made them all swear round again, but such gunpowder oaths they were, that I wonder how the ceiling held together," is the way Middleton put it in *The Black Book*, about 1604. It takes a Lotos-eater to swear an oath and keep it, with an equal mind.

Saint Louis IX's companion in arms, the Comte de Soissons, swore *par la quoife Dieu*, and a lot of misdirected ingenuity has been wasted in failures to explain him. But as this particular blasphemer was crusading in Egypt at the time, and as the word *coif* here is in all probability the Arabic keffiyeh, it may be left for some learned Arabizer some day to run down the origin of the phrase. The expounding from the covering of the ciborium is only partially in another direction; and a scurvy reading of *creffe* for quoife may be disregarded. The knight without fear or reproach had a common form which he used to shout out—*Feste Dieu Bayard!*—which sounds no bit the better sense than "Od's plutter hur nails!" but one discerns an emendation here which might be put as, Please to observe the letter F in this last oath's pronounced like T. Like the Gascon "Cap de Bious!" But "Feston Diene!" is in Rabelais (iv. ch. 16).

A stupid old rhyme about French kings' oaths gave "Pasque-Dieu" to Louis XI, "Bon Jour-Dieu" to Charles VIII, "Le diable m'emporte!" (into which some put a *ne*), or "Par le Jour-Dieu," to Louis XII; and to Francis I, "Foy de gentilhomme"—more an asseveration than an oath; a variant of which has been heard in the mouth of a survivor of two or three generations ago, as "Pon-my-word-an'-honour-an'-credit-an'-word-an'-honour." Henri IV's "Ventre Saint Gris" has, without a syllable of excuse, been applied to St. Francis, because of his Grey Friars, but Marot used the oath in his poems, and "bon gré Saint Gris" is earlier in Nicole de la Chesnaye's *Moralité*. No one has wanted to explain *Ventrebleu* or *Vertubleu* (Epistemon even swears "Verd et bleu" in Rabelais, iii. ch. 17) or *Vertu-sang-bieu* on a similar colourable pretext. There is a remarkable expression in the *Paston Letters* of 1450, being fifty-seven years before La Chesnaye's piece:—"By Blackbeard or Whytebeard, that ys to say by God or the Devyll," which might give some clue to this Saint Gris. Of course, there was also "Ventre Saint Jacques," and Philippe-Auguste swore in the thirteenth century, "par les os, le bras, la lance Saint-Jacques," but that name could be run back into times far behind canonization. "Sang Sainct Gris" was also an oath (Rab. iv. ch. 9) which should be bracketed with "par le saint Sang breguoy" and "Palsambleu," which last Charles IX used *en toutes lettres*; and if we harden the *G* in this last Gris into a *C*, the truth flashes out, even without adding a *t*. The oath *par Saint Crist*

occurs more than once in the thirteenth-century *Huon de Bordeaux*, and *par Saint Gris* is in Rabelais (v. ch. 28). This is now being debated in *Notes and Queries*. The still ordinary "Sapristi!" need not be omitted here.

A curious compromise was Vertu-chou, cut-down even into 'tu-chou, alongside of which lived on its original 'tu-Dieu, which Littré—never well seen in bad language—absurdly called a euphemism for *tue Dieu*. Vertu-guoy was an odd variant, of which the growth (or decay) is clearer when put to Parguieu, Pargu, Parguienne, and Pargoi; and Ventre guoy is in some editions of Rabelais (iii. ch. 12). All together go Pardi, Pardienn, Pardigues, Pardille; and Parbieu was a step towards Parbleu. Parbieu even became *per diem*, because (but 'twas pedantry) of "Per diem sol non uret te" in a psalm.

A long list might be made of corrupt and sophisticated English oaths, plain enough though still to the practised eye. Gad'sookers, 'zookers, 'ad'sooks and 'odso; 'ad'slife and 'slife; 'ad'sbud and 'od'splutter, with the still extant in Ireland, Bludanowns; 'ad'sheart and 'ad'sheartikins; cuds (1622), and coad's nigs (1607). "Sfoot," says the Captain in *The Phoenix*, "I ha' sworn all heaven over and over!" where "heaven" was, of course, printed only to satisfy the Act of Parliament. But there was a Celtic oath by heavens, earth, and sea, which must have been intended to bar escapements. The oath of the heroes in the Welsh legends—"Yrofi a Duw, Between me and God"—reminds of an ancient Japanese custom of swearing to a god, not by him; but "I vow to Ged" was not uncommon here in the last century. "I gad!" was Dryden's oath—Bayes's, in *The Rehearsal*—where "I" is a corrosion of "by," somewhat as the milder-lipped will still say "My Jove!"; to which might be tacked on "Dash my buttons!" "Dang his buttons!" and "Dang his wig!" all long descended to the peasantry and such. The vulgar Irish "Begandies!" might come in here.

In Bretagne especially one may often hear nowadays from the women—and indeed from Basque women too—"Eh Dame, oui" or "Oh Dame, non." There is also an exclamation in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, "Tredame!" which seems to have chiefly belonged to the same sex. One of course at the first flush puts these down to Notre-Dame, as Littré did "Tredame"; but nothing is less clear, and in thirteenth-century *chansons* "Nomeni Dame" is indubitably a form of "in nomine Domini," in the name of the Lord, not of our Lady. "Ne placet Dame Deu," in *Roncevaux* (same period), is an even stronger instance, and in *Berthe aux Grands Pieds* the point is put beyond doubt by "Dame Dieu qui en croi fu pour nous estendus." Dame Dé is also found. Dam, Damp, Dan, Dant, Dans, Dannes, Dantz, Dom, and Don were (or are) other dilapidations of Dominus. So that the 'tre of 'treDame should by analogies be for *ventre*, not *notre*. Villon's Brelore is said to be the English "by our Lord."

It is another and an even stranger category that belonged to our Lady as Mère de Dieu, in "par la Merdé," Merdigues, and Merdugues, which Cotgrave called rusticall oaths or interjections; and he erroneously explained the first as for "Mort Dieu" (but that was "par la Mortbieu," or Mordienne), although he was right as to the others. We have just had Dame Dé, and it and Merdé have a companion, and another proof, in Joan of Arc's calling herself "La fille Dé." Panurge swore in the patois of Poitou "*pe le quaudé, par le corps Dieu*" (Rab. iii. ch. 36).

THE DROUGHT OF 1893.

IT was not surprising that the remarkable spring and summer of 1893 should have formed the principal subject of discussion at the first winter meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society. Before an eager assemblage, Mr. Fred. J. Brodie read a paper on the period of four months when, in Virgilian language, the earth yawned with drought. It was a proof of the youthfulness of meteorological science that, though Mr. Brodie's paper bristled with facts concerning the drought, collected from the records of the principal meteorological stations of the United Kingdom, there was only one weather sage who ventured to suggest a cause for the extraordinary atmospherical conditions we have lately experienced. He opined that a likely cause was the presence of an abnormal quantity of icebergs in the southern oceans. But, with the caution

characteristic of the proceedings of the learned Societies, no further suggestion as to how the icebergs operated on the mechanism of the weather was forthcoming save the very general statement that the prevalence of an abnormal quantity of ice must have caused great changes of pressure. The Society, in fact, frankly confessed its ignorance of the causes which tend to produce and feed those vast anticyclonic systems which with short intermissions of cyclonic weather prevailed throughout the four months of "absolute" and "partial" drought. There was a vagueness in its ideas concerning the methods to be adopted towards obtaining a clearer insight into such phenomena. Mr. Symons took a sanguine view of the difficulties to be overcome, and suggested that, if any one could be found to devote a year to supplementing Mr. Brodie's work by collecting records of the period in all parts of the world, the secret cause of droughts might be revealed. Others called upon youthful aspirants to fame to devote a lifetime to such a research. But after facts of barometric pressure, temperature, insolation, and rainfall relative to the dry period have been collected throughout the world, there is still a difficulty. The records of meteorological conditions extend back comparatively a few years, and there is no historical basis of comparison. As such phenomena as the drought of 1893 would seem to occur only at considerable intervals, it may be that such an inquiry would extend into centuries, during which the facts relative to periodic droughts have been patiently recorded.

There is one point concerning the drought which seems to us worthy of attention. Can we doubt that periodic great droughts play a beneficial part in the economies of nature, though they are immediately disastrous to the interests of agriculture? For instance, the recent dry period was accompanied by a superabundance of sunshine which was without recorded precedent. At one station, in June, the mean reached the high figure of 11.5 hours per day. The investigations of modern science are daily giving fresh proofs of the hygienic value of direct sunshine on the human frame. The blue-violet rays of higher refrangibility are inimical to those low but formidable forms of life that we call the microbes of disease. It seems evident from the latest researches, that where the direct rays of the sun fall it is impossible for germ life to exist. At least in one sense, therefore, we may look upon the drought of 1893 as not a deprivation, but as an indulgence.

A STRANGE CASE.

THESE columns are not ordinarily a vehicle for news. But influenza is an excuse for any eccentricity, and for this once we are going to impart to our readers, under all reserves and without any guarantee of good faith, a very extraordinary piece of "intelligence."

It seems that a young man recently consulted one of the leading brain specialists in London about a curious nervous affection, the result of the fashionable pest. He was, he said, employed by one of our Gladstonian contemporaries to write "smart" personalities about speakers in Parliament. Some weeks ago he was attacked by the influenza, and since that time he had been labouring under an amazing disease. Whenever he tried to "touch up" in his articles one of the other side he found himself writing about members of his own party—so that the most brilliantly offensive abuse of Balfour or Chamberlain recoiled like a boomerang upon Mr. Gladstone or Sir William Harcourt.

"Take this, for instance," he went on, and, producing a note-book from his pocket, he began reading extracts from recent unpublished works of his:—

"So far, things had gone smoothly enough,—far too smoothly for Sir William Harcourt. As soon as they saw that lumbering form struggle to its feet, Tory members knew what to expect. Out came the usual string of pretentious and patronizing platitudes mingled with the due number of offensive misrepresentations, and Sir William had not been speaking for five minutes before his party wished him and his mouthing vacuities at Jericho—or Sandringham."

"Then, again, listen to this":—

"Mr. Asquith is essentially unaristocratic. This appears from his walk, his voice, his attitudes, his gestures. Preeminently does it come out in his clothes. Whether it be

to emphasize his difference from Mr. Chamberlain in all respects—for hostility to that gentleman is his ruling political passion—or merely that his tailor is incompetent, it remains true that Mr. Asquith's coat and trousers always look like "misfits" picked up cheap.

"I hardly like to shew you what I have written about our Reverend Leader," he added, "but I suppose one must tell one's doctor the whole truth," and in awe-struck tones he read as follows:—

'Then the Grand Old Maniac rose. It is most curious how the expression of Mr. Gladstone's face has recently changed. It is not that he has aged much—some things defy decay. Nor is it that wild look which was always there, though it has become emphasized of late. It is much more than this. A maniacal arrogance now gleams from those darkling eyes set in a face of corpse-like pallor, and seems to have permeated every physical as well as every moral and intellectual fibre of his nature.'

The poor fellow was quite overcome after reading these almost blasphemous extracts. What the doctor prescribed we do not know. We should be inclined to recommend complete and permanent rest from all journalistic labours.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

THIS year the *Trinummus*, the only play of Plautus which is performed at Westminster, brings the cycle of four plays to a close—to begin again, we hope, next year with the *Andria* of Terence. It is unlucky that Plautus is not represented by a rather more vigorous play; for in the *Trinummus* the audience find it difficult to realize that superiority of the earlier over the later dramatist in respect of *vis comica* with which he is credited by ancient critics. Of course the blot on the *Trinummus* is the tedious first act, in which Megaronides reproaches Callicles with his supposed treachery to his absent friend, and Callicles, in self-defence, tells the secret of the buried treasure. Yet the act is necessary to explain the action of the rest of the play; and we could not while listening to it the other night pick out any lines which could have been omitted without loss. We believe that, in the extensive "cuts" which have been made in the Westminster acting editions during the last few years, it has been found harder to operate on the *Trinummus* than on any of the three plays of Terence, which seems to show that Plautus had more skill in stage-construction, if Terence was the more elegant writer of *tirades*.

The first act once over, the play went merrily to the end, and the acting was good throughout. Among the passages which have been cut out is the extraordinary lyrical monologue at the beginning of Act ii., in which Lysiteles moralizes on the evils of dissipation; and though its disappearance on the whole is not to be regretted, the change does away somewhat with the sharp contrast between the spendthrift Lesbonicus and his rather priggish friend. Both the young men's parts were well acted, the Lysiteles of Mr. Fisher being especially good. The four old men of the play are all too much alike; there is none of the delightful give and take which we get in the *Adelphi* between the two brothers; in fact, one feels that, if the circumstances were duly altered, each would do just what the other does. Of these four characters, the Charmides of Mr. Harwood was the most pleasing. It is true that the part is the best of the four, for Charmides shares with the Sycophant by far the best scene in the play—the scene where the Sycophant, sent to personate a messenger from Charmides, meets Charmides himself at his own door, of course not knowing him. This scene was excellently played both by Mr. Harwood and by Mr. Waters. The Sycophant of the latter was admirable. Make-up, gesture, and elocution were equally good, and Mr. Waters has far more command of facial expression than is common with young actors. We do not think we have seen a better performance at Westminster than this for some dozen years. Mr. Mayne, as the slave Stasimus, deserves a good word. The part is more thankless than that of any other leading slave in the Westminster cycle, but Mr. Mayne spared no pains to make it effective, and his performance, though rather laboured, was meritorious. The drunken scene, however, should have gone off more briskly. The high standard of the acting all round is the more creditable

because, as there was no play last year, every actor, with one exception, so far as our memory serves us, was new to the stage.

The prologue gracefully refers to the death of the Duke of Clarence, on account of which there was no performance last year, and to the Duke of York's marriage. Winchester is congratulated on its quingentenary, and the prologue closes with a lament for Old Westminsters who have died since the last play, the most notable of whom are Lord Ebury and Mr. C. G. Lane, who was distinguished alike with the bat and the oar.

The epilogue is written not less brightly than usual, and, as usual, it deals with the chief political and social events of the year, much as Mr. Brookfield deals with theatrical affairs in *Under the Clock*. The old men of the play are mostly turned into politicians of different parties. Lesbonicus is a miner on strike, Charmides an exhibitor at Chicago, Lysiteles a yachtsman, and so on; while the Sycophant, as "a man from Blankley's," offers to conduct the whole party to Chicago, and finally gets up a company for demolishing that monument of American industry, and bolts to Argentina with the capital. Merely to read the lines, good as they are, can give one no idea of the effect of a Westminster epilogue on the stage. What can be more delightfully incongruous than to hear a street news-vendor bawling "All the winners! 'orrible tragedy!" in Latin elegiacs, or to have the cant of the Aborigines' Protection Society done into a couplet thus:—

Nosce nigrum fratrem fratres permittimus albi
Calcare a Rhodis vulturisque suis?

The Harness belt, Local Option, Parish Councils, the war with Lobengula, and countless topics more, all have their turn, and all are neatly dealt with. There is a happy couplet on the reception of the Russian sailors in Paris:—

Sauromata infelix, ni qua vincla aspera rumpas,
Pendebit collo plurima Galla tuo.

The Sycophant produces among his baggage for the journey a Kodak, with the explanation, "Tu premis umbonem, cetera nos facimus." When a portly Lobengula is led on, Lysiteles exclaims:—

Cannibalem expende hunc; quot libras in duce tanto
Invenies!

and the captive monarch, who, by the way, is about to perform at the Aquarium, is addressed, with the usual pleasing uncertainty about quantities:—

Lobengula miser (seu forte Lobengula mavis
Audire).

The flight of the Sycophant, already referred to, brings an excellent performance to a merry end.

THE THEATRES—WULFF'S CIRCUS.

THE holiday season may be said to have begun with the series of matinée performances instituted by Mr. Comyns Carr at the Comedy Theatre, in addition to the evening and Saturday afternoon representations of *Sowing the Wind*. The afternoon programme is made up of two items, both of them meant for youthful audiences, though there is much in both calculated to amuse an older generation. Mr. Robert Buchanan has made a welcome departure from his usual style in preparing *The Piper of Hamelin*, a mixed version of the legend most familiar to us through the poem by Browning, to which, including the incident of the lame child, the adapter has adhered pretty faithfully, the finish, of course, being a happy one, as the Piper calls back the children, and leaves Conrad and Liza, if not with such an orthodox thing as a blessing, at least with an apparently sincere expression of goodwill. This story is told with suitable directness and simplicity, Mr. F. W. Allwood's music is particularly well adapted to the children's voices, and the mounting and costumes are extremely tasteful. Mr. Frank Wyatt was a sprightly Piper, and Miss Lena Ashwell an engaging Liza. A word of praise must be given to the intelligent and expressive rendering of the lame child by Miss Gladys Dorée. Mr. F. C. Burnand's *Sandford and Merton* does not come to us as an absolute novelty. With lightly humorous music by Mr. Edward Solomon, the absurdities of Tommy, Harry, Mr. Barlow, Sambo, and Mme. Aurélie are palatable

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enough—though one or two little points might have been omitted with advantage in an entertainment meant largely, if not exclusively, for children. It is needless to say that no serious attempt has been made to keep up, or even in any true sense to burlesque, the original characters. It is simply a well-maintained piece of rather boisterous fun, not the least effective piece of drollery in which is the more or less French duet between Mr. Lionel Brough as Barlow, and Mme. Ada Dorée as Mme. Aurélie. Altogether, it makes a capital entertainment for children.

From Mr. Heinemann we have received a copy of Mr. Pinero's *Sweet Lavender*, and from Messrs. Elkin Mathews & John Lane a clearly and handsomely printed volume, *Lady Windermere's Fan: a Play about a Good Woman*, by Mr. Oscar Wilde. The former work is prefaced by the inevitable introductory notice by Mr. Malcolm Salaman, whose services as chorus must from time to time have proved valuable beyond price to Mr. Pinero. The author's verbal neatness makes the work fairly entertaining reading, except, for instance, in the case of the drunken utterances of Dick Phenyl; but the most interesting feature in the present publication is the opportunity it affords of noting the points of difference and of similarity between *Sweet Lavender* and Mr. Grundy's play, *Sowing the Wind*, now running at the Comedy Theatre. In this case there is, and can be, no question of plagiarism, though Mr. Grundy has recently, with the utmost frankness, admitted that the two stories are almost identical—a fact which has but lately attracted his notice. A comparative study of the two plays gives most eloquent results as to the power of characterization and treatment. It would be rash to assume that Mr. Wilde has been unwise in giving the public, not to mention his critics, the further opportunity to be derived from a perusal of *Lady Windermere's Fan* of confirming the recollections of former works of his own with which the pages of his latest book abound. Some excuse will certainly be necessary if he should determine to publish *A Woman of No Importance* in printed form. Infinitely superior though *Lady Windermere's Fan* is to the later work in construction, and in all else, not excluding dialogue, the constant rattle of flashily clever speeches reminds us of Mr. Wilde's own words in "The Picture of Dorian Gray"—"The only things that one can use in fiction are the things that one has ceased to use in fact"—a principle which he seems to have adopted in conjunction with that other one which he puts in the mouth of Lord Darlington:—"Nowadays to be intelligible is to be found out."

Pickwick, a musical perversion by Mr. F. C. Burnand of some incidents mainly derived or inferred from the celebrated Trial scene, and more especially from the equally famous speech of Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, is now being played as a first piece at the Trafalgar Square Theatre. Although a mere fragment, not entirely Dickensian in detail, it is an amusing trifle, to which Mr. Edward Solomon has written some appropriate music. Its principal attraction is the delightful singing and acting of Miss Jessie Bond as Mrs. Bardell, the part originally played with equal freshness and charm by Miss Lottie Venne. Mr. C. P. Little makes a portly Pickwick, and Mr. C. H. Hawtreay a picturesque comic-opera baker.

Wulff's Continental Circus at Hengler's is in every way worthy of the reputation of the place, and is likely to interest and amuse old as well as young. All the items of the programme are good in their different ways, and the performance is interesting throughout. There is some graceful bare-back riding, and Miss Rochet, and Miss Mignon's performance, which is more novel, is very good, while Mlle. Martha rides her horse "Flèche" very well over some big jumps. The clowning is as amusing as circus clowning ever is. The Brothers Walton, Chinese eccentrics, do a capital "turn," and some extraordinary gymnastics. Perhaps the best part of the circus, however, is the introduction of his trained horses by Herr Edward Wulff, the performance of sixty horses in the arena at one time being really wonderful, though we must confess to a shade of disappointment in the singing pony "Punch." After hearing so much of it, we had high—perhaps too high—expectations. The pony is, however, well trained in many other ways. To any one fond of horses and riding, Wulff's Circus will recommend itself as a most interesting entertainment.

REVIEWS.

DEAN STANLEY.*

WE do not know whether the cause be the great scale of modern biographies, or the increase of general business, or a certain lack of virility in modern biographers, but there seems to be an increasing difficulty in getting the modern biography to chip its shell. It has to chop and change incubators, often more than once, and to be under incubation a most unconscionable number of years, before it can make its appearance. For instance, there seems to have been no very obvious reasons on the face of it why the *Life* of Dean Stanley, who died in 1881, should not appear till 1893. The materials were ample, there was nothing to conceal, no susceptibilities to consult. But, first, Sir George Grove found his other employments too many; and, then, Mr. Theodore Walrond lay under the same disability till he died; and, lastly, Dean Bradley, after doing a good deal of the work, discovered, for this or that reason, that he could not do the rest. So, ten years after date, he put the matter, together with his "co-operation and sanction," in the hands of Mr. Prothero, who in about two years appears to have turned out a very craftsman-like biography indeed. About half the first volume seems to be the Dean's work cut down, from which we gather that, if Dr. Bradley had continued it himself on the same scale (for this part only extends to 1840), we should have had the entire work in about six volumes, and on the Greek Kalends. Mr. Prothero has certainly not exceeded in length, and his own contributions are very good. He appears to be somewhat more in sympathy with his hero's position in political, ecclesiastical, and academical matters than we should, considering all things, have anticipated. But this is certainly not a fault for the special purpose.

It was impossible that a *Life* of Stanley should not be (*exceptis excipiendis* and *pax vobiscum* duly said) very pleasant reading. His personal charm was never contested; and some of the most agreeable things in the book are the evidences of the way in which it worked upon such an uncompromising with-stander of his ecclesiastical tendencies as Pusey himself. And this personal charm was not, as it sometimes is, wasted on mean or monotonous surroundings. Well born, always in sufficiently affluent circumstances, of an extraordinary precocity in talent which was not the precursor of later barrenness, with the faculty of recommending himself to as well as deserving patronage, extremely fond of society for a man also so fond of study, able to indulge constantly in foreign travel and see the best people and the most attractive places, a prominent man in his University at a stirring time, a dignitary of the two most interesting churches in England, an intimate friend and *protégé* of the highest placed persons in the land, and perfectly unaffected with and amiable to everybody—it could not be but that Stanley should live a life altogether unusually full, varied, and interesting. At home, at Rugby, at Oxford, at Canterbury, at Oxford again, and finally at Westminster, he was always "in the thick of it." And although his tastes and sympathies had some strange and almost unparalleled gaps, he made up for this by the variety and adaptability of the rest. He did not care for food or drink (it is true the poor man was almost entirely destitute both of taste and smell), for scenery, for the arts, for Latin verses, for sport. But his one ruling passion, the love of human society, whether in the company of actual human persons or as exhibited in books, as affected by religion, as displaying itself in history, or in other ways, was obviously a Protean kind of affection which could supply the place of a good many others. Indeed, there is evidence here that he could even take an interest in a picture when it represented a subject in which he took interest, and in a building or a landscape when something had happened there. This, no doubt, accounted for what was more unkindly than untruly called the "guide-book" character of his view of history; but it must have added relish to his own life.

Of this varied, happy, and certainly very human existence an excellent account will be found here. Among his other gifts, Stanley was a vivid and abundant letter-writer; indeed, we personally much prefer his unstudied and *prime-sautier* letters to his florid and picturesque history, his vague and unbacked preaching, and his attempts to handle theological and ecclesiastical matters with, as his best friends admit, a rather loose sense of logic, no great theological learning, and an almost total lack of system.

For one person, however, who will regret the lack of these latter things, there will be twenty who will enjoy the boyish descriptions of Rugby; the letters to his sisters; the introduction to

* *The Life and Correspondence of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley*. By Rowland E. Prothero. 2 vols. London: Murray.

Balliol; the very singular accident when, after Stanley had got the Ireland, it transpired that his examiners had actually suspected him of unfair practices; the exile to University (Stanley was one of those affectionate persons who always think translation exile); the famous incidents of the Ward affair; the removal to Canterbury; the reversion to Oxford as Professor of Ecclesiastical History; and the final move to Westminster. All this is diversified by infinite interludes of foreign travel, by much pleasant domestic talk, and by a few good stories—the best of which, about Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone at Marlborough House, has gone the round of the daily papers, and need not be quoted, though it will occupy a high place in the matchless collection of anecdotes in which those two distinguished persons will figure together some day. On all the theological *tracasseries* that filled Stanley's life much, if not everything, will be found; and we must own that Dr. Bradley and Mr. Prothero are impeccably honest biographers. The former in his part records faithfully Stanley's remarks as an undergraduate about his "bad prejudice against Orthodoxy"—not only bad, but so fatally facile, for anybody can be prejudiced against Orthodoxy; to be honestly and logically determined in its favour, that is the difficulty. Mr. Prothero prints, like a man, that tremendous letter which Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, wrote, not of his own notion, but when Stanley, who always tried to be a gentleman, had been so ill advised as to apologize for excluding the Pan-Anglican Conference from Westminster Abbey. The Dean, "pugnacious" as he is admitted to have been, for once was discreet, and did not rejoin. It was just as well, for he could not.

But it would be absurd to review the *Life* of Stanley without saying something of what must always give that Life its chief interest to all but the most superficial readers. Mr. Prothero, no doubt from the information of others, speaks of a "virulent" attack made by the *Saturday Review* some thirty years ago. Virulent, in the dictionary of persons of experience, very often means only "something too true to be refuted and too sharp not to be resented"; and, without pledging ourselves to every word of what the *Saturday Review* then, and long afterwards, said of Stanley, we have not the slightest intention of hauling down the flag under which those comments were made. We have, indeed, always failed to understand how men of honour and understanding could justify the position which Stanley endeavoured to hold. Mr. Prothero takes as representatives and captains of the other two schools of the Oxford of his day Dr. Pusey and Dr. Macbride. Very well. These two reverend and learned persons were opposed to each other almost *toto cælo* in ecclesiastical, if not in theological, matters. But no one would deny that both based, and we, sympathizing very little with Dr. Macbride, can admit that both could in honour and reason base, their position on a definite conception of the history and the formularies of the Church of England as she was. Pusey sincerely—and, we think, rightly—believed that the liturgy, the history, even the Articles, and, above all, the Creeds, of the Church were Catholic. Macbride, entrenching himself behind the Articles and the isolated fact of the "Reformation," and mistakenly, but honestly, refusing to look beyond these, held that the Church was Protestant. But what warranty of any actual, or possible, scripture in the documents, the archives, the charters, the formularies of the Church had Stanley for his "Broad" theory? Absolutely none. The Church of England, as such, never had been latitudinarian, never had transacted in his sense, though certainly isolated individuals or petty schools might sometimes have done so. He could not bring forward a Creed, an Article, nay, so much as a collect or a response, to justify his conception, and the only thing he could urge was that the chaotic rule of Church discipline provided little or no chance of punishment for the violation of law. And, therefore, though he might hold that it would be much better for the State and Church of England alike if the latter were merely an Erastian establishment, admitting any form of belief that conformed in certain outward ways, it was impossible that he should hold this as of right. He might hold it as a private opinion; he might outside the Church strive to bring about a general conversion to his views, and no one could have said a word against the legitimacy, however much they might have denied the expediency, of his proceedings. But when, taking the Church's vows, accepting her pay, occupying her dignities, availing himself of and straining to the utmost his official privileges as her officer, he strove to overthrow her constitution from the inside, to alter her conditions, to make that orthodox which was heresy, and that permissible which was forbidden—when, in especial, he took the almost unbelievable step of refusing Westminster Abbey to a Conference of Bishops of and in communion with the Church of England—then we say that we cannot imagine how any man of honour, how any man of decency, how any man with the

commonest notions of fair and seemly conduct can approve his action.

If we are to excuse that action on the ground of his own sincere belief that the state of the Church would be bettered if his views prevailed, then it comes to this. A soldier has taken a commission, and by degrees reaches high rank in the garrison of a beleaguered city. His sympathies are with the besiegers; he thinks that the city would be better governed by them, that the inhabitants would be happier, that all things would be improved. What is he to do? He may, no doubt, throw up his commission, and either go to the enemy at once or remain as a private citizen taking no part in the war. He may (and some casuists would say should) consider his oath of allegiance superior to everything, and fight on, choking down his private opinions, obeying his orders, and doing his duty with the best, if not with the cheerfulness. But may he retain his post, draw his pay, enjoy free quarters of the best, and public honours of all but the highest, all the time using his command to baffle sallies, to thwart the efforts of more faithful commanders, to let in messengers of the enemy at privy doors, from time to time, nay, as far as he can and dares, to hand the quarter of the town (of which by an accident of its constitution he has uncontrolled government) over to the foe? If he may do this and bear any name but that of a traitor, then we have nothing to say against the sometime Dean of Westminster. If he may not—if in war, in politics, in private business and friendship, all men of honour would cry shame on such conduct—then we shall be satisfied with saying that this conduct was his.

NOVELS.*

IN *The Handsome Humes* Mr. William Black has succeeded in writing a very readable novel without a villain, either male or female. Indeed, the nearest approach to one is the hero's in every way most excellent mamma; for she did try, and very properly tried, to prevent his marriage. The handsome Mr. Hume was a youthful Fellow of All Souls, as perfect in his knowledge of the Greek language and literature as in his bodily form and his features. To him appeared the daughter of an ex-prizefighter and bookmaker, and in her he perceived "a bewilderment of beauty," "youthful eyes that were as blue as the blue of a June sea," "smiles that were like sunlight, and glances that all unwittingly struck merciless and deep." One day he happened to see the parent of this divine creature walking with his daughter, and accosted by some beggars who assumed a "distinctly aggressive" attitude. "Slightly raising himself on his left foot, his left fist drove out, and down went the man like a log, lying prone and extended on the highway. Almost simultaneously the right fist was swung round, catching the second of the scoundrels a terrific backhand on the cheek-bone." This gave the beautiful Fellow of All Souls an opportunity of telling the bruiser's daughter "how the natural man loved fighting; how the Greeks had glorified boxing and wrestling; how even the king's son had stepped into the ring at the funeral games of Patroklos." Whereupon she turned to her father and said, "Do you hear that?" Shortly afterwards the hero saved the life of a vulgar man, who gave him, in return, a tip for the Manchester Cup. The ex-prizefighter and the vulgar man turn out excellent fellows; the hero also turns out an excellent fellow; in short, everybody is an excellent fellow. It is likewise with the women; the young lady whom the hero's mother wished him to marry is excellent, a lady whom he calls in to help the heroine in her distress is excellent, and his mother herself becomes super-excellent. It will be observed that this picture of human life is painted in monotone, the principal relief being obtained by means of the over-chivalrous folly of the ex-prizefighter, who is a veritable Don Quixote of the P.R. The author makes the most he can of his materials, and, if the novel be not quite his best, it certainly does his reputation no discredit.

* *The Handsome Humes*. By William Black. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1893.

A Third Person. A Novel. By B. M. Croker. 2 vols. London: White & Co. 1893.

Vashti and Esther. A Story of Society To-day. By the Writer of *Belle's Letters in "The World"*. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1893.

What Happened at Morwyn. By Maria A. Hozer. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

Woman and the Man. A Story. By Robert Buchanan. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1893.

Alice Lauder. A Sketch. By Mrs. J. Glennie Wilson. London: Osgood, Melville, & Co. 1893.

The Confessions of a Woman. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1893.

An Adopted Wife. A Novel. By Arthur Keyser. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1893.

Juliet's Lovers. By Mabel Collins. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1893.

A novel in which the story is a peg on which to hang the characters is much to be preferred to one in which the characters serve as pegs on which to hang the story; and, if the plot of *A Third Person* be poor and uninteresting, better things may be said of the people it describes. It is true that the hero is much as other heroes, and that the heroine does not rise above the average of her species; but the hero's loud and vulgar aunt, the heroine's grandfather, and a certain "Cousin Clara" are three characters with very strong, if very unpleasant, individualities. The author is skilful in the use of an instrument of fiction which requires very delicate handling—namely, the recurring incident, an instrument of which Sir Walter Scott made liberal use. In *A Third Person* the recurring incidents are three—the absurd mistakes of a deaf person (not a very original one, it must be admitted, but artistically manipulated), the General's collection of postage-stamps, and a mynah bird which inconveniently reproduces the disgraceful language too often used by the General in the bosom of his family. All three are made use of enough, yet not too much. There are many amusing scenes and speeches in the book and the plot culminates in Cousin Clara finding herself the "grandmamma" of the man whom she wished, and had most nefariously schemed, to marry.

The hero and heroine in *Vashti and Esther* are married before the story begins, and its romance consists in their flirtations with other people. Even in her honeymoon, the heroine "had awakened to the fact that her husband was amusing only when he had drunk just a little too much wine"; and before it was over he gave his bride's splendid emerald necklace to "Esther," the pretty daughter of a village publican. When Esther disappeared, he made love, first to a Mrs. Turton, and afterwards to a Mrs. Venning, while his wife "longed so for love" that she entered into "close companionship with Anthony Fitz-Glyn." This diplomatic action on her part had the happy result of making her husband jealous of Anthony Fitz-Glyn and in love with herself. The moral is obvious! Even his own gallantries worked together for the good of his soul. "All things had tended towards his education." "Mrs. Turton and Mrs. Venning had been stimulating, if not elevating, influences upon his character; and little Esther, with her tender truth and shy worship of himself, had opened his eyes to the delicate beauty of a woman's nature. Loving Esther had taught him to love" his wife. "He had learnt wisdom." It is something to be wise as a serpent, if not as harmless as a dove. We now know how a perfect husband is made—one flirtation with a village beauty, two with other men's wives, and one on the part of his wife, just to stir up his jealousy and make him in love with her. As Luther said, "Let us sin lustily that grace may abound." This novel contains a short review of *Dodo*, tells us of a good London shop or two, and has more in it about clothes, jewelry, and furniture than any other that we can think of at this moment. In the course of it there is a good deal of brisk and bright conversation, and the picture it gives of smart society, although not altogether beautiful or edifying, is truer to nature than could be wished. The author's definition of refinement is a "glossing over of the ugly facts of life." Judged by this standard, *Vashti and Esther* is—well, not remarkable for a "glossing over of the ugly facts of life."

If rather a woman's than a man's book, *What Happened at Morwyn* is a fairly written, inoffensive novel. It will, here and there, distil a gentle tear in the eyes of ladies who, as they express it, "cry over books."

The particularly wicked knave in *Woman and Man* is a well-drawn character. The real hero of the book—not the man who married the heroine—is a parson who married nobody. He is rather a stagey parson, it is true, and his practice of spending his evenings in drinking beer in the village public-house, because his presence there prevents the use of bad language, might not meet with the general approval of the orthodox; but the mercy and goodness which he showed to a pretty woman in distress are beyond all praise, and he prided himself upon being on excellent terms with "all the *oi polloi* of the district." If his relations to the "*oi polloi*" left nothing to be desired, it may be a question whether he was quite canonical in aiding and abetting the pretty woman in her encouragement of a man who was urging her to join with him in breaking the seventh commandment; and, plausible as it may sound, his doctrine that "For a woman under any condition to live in conjugal bonds with a man she does not love, whom she does not respect, from whom she shrinks in actual loathing, is an infamy in the eyes of God and man," is rarely preached in the pulpits of the Church to which he belonged.

Part I., consisting of the first fifty pages of *Alice Lauder*, is promising; unfortunately Part II.—that is to say, the remaining two hundred pages—is disappointing. What plot there is hangs

chiefly upon a mistake of the hero's. A professor of music told him that the heroine was engaged to him, meaning that she was engaged to sing for him in a concert at Birmingham; but the hero understood the term "engaged" in quite a different sense and began a violent flirtation with another man's wife. All came right at last, though after a rather uninteresting and unsatisfactory fashion. Mrs. Glenny Wilson has considerable power of description, and this she often puts forth with excellent effect; sometimes, however, her metaphors are rather doubtful and her similes a little strained.

In *The Confessions of a Woman* the penitent fell in love with a man who exclaimed "Would God I knew there is a hell, and that I should go to it!" In the society of this saint she enjoyed "deep mental rest," until, as she says, "suddenly he bent over me, and buried his teeth in my neck." The fact that her husband is living of course gives a great zest to the accounts of her various lovers and lovemakings. She says that she is "a sensuous creature"; that she is subject to "great tides of emotion," and that she possesses "some of the divine afflatus." As a girl she was told that she should marry, and become a member of "the noble army of pure and virtuous women." These, she says, "are beautiful words, but do they mean anything?" She implies that they do not. Purity is, "after all, only ignorance." She says that she "has touched pitch." The book is about as lively as a funeral sermon.

Different kinds of novels should be judged by different standards, and *An Adopted Wife* cannot claim a place in a very high class of fiction. Judged as an unpretentious story, let us say as a cheap book to be bought at a railway bookstall by an adept in the art of skipping, with a view to beguiling a dull journey, it is certainly deserving of praise. The adoption of a wife in the particular manner described cannot be called a hackneyed idea; nor can a duel, in which a young lady in disguise shoots the man to whom she has been engaged to be married; nor, again, can the torturing of a young Englishman by the Chinese. In a novel of very moderate length it is a mistake to overburden the story with excessive variety of scene, and in *An Adopted Wife* the reader is taken to that wearisome land known to the untravelled as "all-over-the-place." And, after all, why should Jack have been tortured?

The plot of *Juliet's Lovers* is as follows. Lover No. 1 shoots at Juliet. Lover No. 2 shoots lover No. 3. Lover No. 3 marries Juliet. Lover No. 1 shoots lover No. 3. Lover No. 2 marries Juliet. The heading of one chapter gives a good idea of the general tone of the book:—"SOLITUDE, AGONY, PASSION!" There is some miserable solitude and any amount of agony and passion in this novel, the agony of the heroine being greatly increased by her illegitimate sister, and the fact that her husband has also got (as the woman in question chooses to call herself) a "wife in the sight of God." Between the angry passions of these two secondary ladies, and the amatory passions of the heroine, the three lovers get very little peace, and who can be surprised at one of them behaving like a madman, and another becoming one? Let it not be supposed that we are treating the book in a scoffing spirit; quite the contrary. Several of the characters are described with considerable power—most of all, perhaps, the heartless father of the heroine—and much of the passion is good passion enough; but the temperature of the very best of passion should be carefully regulated in fiction—and out of it, for that matter. The most excruciating agony does not distract the attention of the reader from uncorrected misprints. "He could hot," for "he could not," and "a tea-gown to die in," for "a tea-gown to dine in," aggravate his pains; and the appearance of p. 93 between pp. 62 and 64 make him fear that he, like two-thirds of Juliet's lovers, is going out of his mind.

HISTORY OF THE POST OFFICE.*

IF we may judge from current periodical literature, the popular historic conception of the Post Office is that that useful institution has existed from the earliest ages. So far as England is concerned this view regards it as having "come over with the Conqueror," in bodily shape resembling somewhat a bathing-machine, and containing two or three Norman officials whose duty was to "plunder and blunder" and otherwise obstruct the Anglo-Saxon public at that time clamouring to have its letters carried from place to place "at reasonable rates of postage." That there were letters and posts in very remote times the pious public knows perfectly well from its Bible; and, although

* *The History of the Post Office from its Establishment down to 1836.* By Herbert Joyce, C.B., of the Post Office. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1893.

the best posts there mentioned were mounted on "horses and mules, and camels, and young dromedaries," the pious modern public is well aware that the biblical public had only to drop its letters into a pillar letter-box in order to secure the use of those swift posts of the desert. Similarly, when it reads of the notorious Assyrian Sennacherib, who "came down like a wolf on the fold," that he wrote a threatening letter to King Hezekiah, and that the Hebrew recipient appealed to the highest authority, the innocent public imagines that the Assyrian had added injury to insult by omitting to prepay the postage, and *hinc ille lacrymæ* on the part of the Jew king. In this popular view the posts which King Ahasuerus despatched from "Shushan the Palace" were bundles of letters (in adhesive envelopes) made up in canvas bags, which were liable to be dropped at given points along a recognized route, perhaps received by some primitive apparatus, from caravans in motion. The sorting-clerks who occupied the bathing-machine brought across the Channel by William the Bastard, and who sold to the Saxons stamps bearing his portrait, were, of course, arrayed in complete armour, and were thus rendered indifferent to the missiles at that time employed to do the office of the dirt which the public in general, and advertising politicians in particular, continually throw at the long-suffering latter-day successors of William's armadilloes.

It was time that a historian should arise to dispel these lax and not wholly accurate views; and he has come. Mr. Herbert Joyce leaves us in no doubt that even the rudiments of a system of posts in England date from a time little, if at all, earlier than the reign of Henry VIII., and he makes it clear that for some time later than that the posts of this country existed exclusively for the use of the sovereign. The plain fact is that in early days letter-writing was not merely a superfluity to ordinary persons, but an exercise from which they were debarred by want of education and want of means of conveyance. As this realm of England gradually worked through its troubles, and one dynasty or party succeeded another in the management of State affairs, correspondence by letter took on an increasing political significance; and there is no doubt whatever that the admission of private correspondence to the use of the gradually systematized State posts was dictated by other motives than those of economy. The main consideration unquestionably was, that a control over the correspondence of individuals would give the State the power of examining such correspondence, and getting cognizance of plots and movements directed against the ruling powers. Similarly, when at last the State monopoly in the carriage of letters was in the fulness of time established, the motive of keeping this control for political purposes was stronger by far than that of safeguarding the revenue.

By what means, and in what conditions, and under whose guidance the communications of the country grew to the state in which Rowland Hill found them more than half a century ago, Mr. Joyce tells with admirable clearness and impartiality, with infinite patience of detail where detail is necessary to a clear conception, with a curiously piercing intelligence in the weighing of character, and with much subtlety in the unravelling of motive. He shows, too, an administrative breadth which is likely to leave people in some astonishment at the recent appointment of a distinguished gentleman unconnected with the Post Office, and utterly innocent of its traditions and business, to succeed the late Sir Arthur Blackwood as its permanent head.

It is not necessary to follow Mr. Joyce in detail through the various chapters of his story, or even to summarize the account of the doings of his several heroes—for heroes he has found not a few. Whether he is telling us of Thomas Witherings, and his great plan of connecting London with the larger towns of the kingdom by regular and systematic horse-posts, or of William Dockwra, who followed Witherings (still in the seventeenth century) with a penny post for letters and parcels in and about London, we find the same sympathy with men of organizing force, and the same keen insight into the methods followed and the nature of the obstacles surmounted. This sober and learned historian shows us the great Ralph Allen fighting against that wretched system of revenue-mongery, whereby letters for provincial towns not far apart were sent up to London and back, because, forsooth, a cross-post would yield less postage, the scale being a mileage scale! And he paints with vivid colours the still greater John Palmer, whose name is most closely associated with the organization of the mail-coach system, and who, indeed, was the strongest postal organizer before Rowland Hill, unless, perhaps, an exception must be made in favour of Dockwra. He sketches with a few graphic touches one whom we "desire of more acquaintance" among the denizens of officialdom, to wit, Private Secretary Braithwaite, the firm, high-minded adviser, who more than once cloaked beneath an un-

bounded obsequiousness of language an attitude bordering on contumacy, braving the wrath of the irritable Lord Walsingham, and at the risk of his own appointment firmly declining to carry out some ill-advised instruction of that noteworthy Postmaster-General. And at length Mr. Joyce, passing sedately down the centuries with his merciless "pointing-pole in hand," directs us to the salient points as his machinery grinds out the long panorama of an intolerable degradation. From him we learn to apprehend the reasons why an institution founded, it is true, for the most anti-democratic purposes, took even longer than other institutions to don the trappings of democracy. He shows us civil servants working, not so much for the public as for themselves, and false conceptions of the duties of a people's post nourished from without, alternating with movements towards reform resisted from within. Above all, he points the moral that those who would favour the development of the Post Office for its legitimate uses should keep a jealous eye on Treasury tampering. For in the past it has been from the Treasury, or other representatives of a narrow spirit of profit-grinding, that the most persistent obstruction has come. We must not be misunderstood; nothing could be worse than to make this enormous organization of the means of communication a mere distributor of eleemosynary services; but at the antipodes of such a state of things is the refusal to undertake useful work or carry out urgent reforms because a temporary check might be given to the net receipts or an initial cost be incurred. To look back a moment to the days of Charles II., how should the Post Office progress, when, its revenues being secured to the gloomy Duke of York by patent, to risk anything would have been to risk the means of his profligate expenditure? And later on, when that disgraceful monopoly of the receipts had passed away, we are still lost in astonishment at the patience of the public, who submitted to the imposition of higher and higher scales of postage, set up because mandate after mandate came from the Treasury that an increased revenue must be collected. The last noteworthy figure in Mr. Joyce's portrait gallery is Sir Francis Freeling, by whose hands this wondrous subordination of public convenience to financial needs was carried on for many years. Secretary to the Post Office from 1798 to 1836, Freeling never seems to have suspected that he and his masters at Whitehall were going the right way to work to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs, and the reader looks in vain for any foundation more solid than his subserviency to a bad policy for the great esteem in which this energetic but wrong-headed self-seeker was held. Sir Rowland Hill did not come a day too soon.

Mr. Joyce gives us but little information about his authorities. It may be taken that, in the main, they are official records, or private papers, &c., collected by himself during many years. Interesting as his work is, we cannot but think it might have been made still more so if, for purposes of illustration, he had gone further afield in general literature. The pages of such writers as Sir Henry Wotton and John Donne afford instances in which the ways and means of communication are alluded to; the literature of the Civil War and the Commonwealth is by no means barren in this respect; and indeed the literary fields of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries might be gleaned with particular advantage. Sir Francis Freeling, who had amassed a large fortune in the shape of Post Office emoluments not easy to defend, was a great collector of rare books; there are probably few extensive collections nowadays where there are not some volumes with his book-plate and notes in them—generally notes as to rarity and price. We cannot but think that if Mr. Joyce, who, as one of the three Secretaries of the Post Office, has inherited some of Freeling's functions, had also inherited his collection of books, he would have found means to use them to good purpose in the way indicated above. No doubt the bulk of this history would have been considerably increased; for there is nothing here that could be advantageously removed. Though not what that indefinite person the general reader would readily take to, it is solidly interesting from beginning to end. It is not even wanting in that human or dramatic interest which a man with the true historic spirit is sure to give to his work. Passages of personal controversy and struggle are given with graphic energy, and some of the spirited actions of the packet-service captains are described with great gusto. Perhaps the most interesting section of all is that relating to John Palmer, and especially to his final struggle with the joint Postmasters-General Chesterfield and Walsingham. These three characters, with the great Pitt in the background supporting the not too scrupulous Palmer against his chiefs, and the despicable Bonnor, whose treachery at length betrayed Palmer to his fall, stand out before us as living men; and neither here nor elsewhere in the book are the physiognomies of the actors lost or obscured in the unavoidable mass of detail.

Taken as a whole, this work must be pronounced a really valuable contribution to historic literature. The subject is one of considerable public importance, and the treatment is worthy of the subject. The modesty of the author, and the entire absence of egotism or display, are the more remarkable when we consider that, to all intents and purposes, the book occupies new ground, and that it can scarcely fail to become a standard work.

MR. BRIDGES'S NEW POEMS.*

THE bibliophil of the future will find it no easy matter to reconstruct the poetical work of Mr. Robert Bridges out of the strangely cryptic fragments which he has been strewing about for more than twenty years. The pamphlet now before us forms part of a reprint issued to subscribers by Mr. Daniel, of Worcester College, Oxford. The greater portion of this publication is a curiosity rather than a rarity, for it simply repeats in costly form what could already be purchased in a cheaper one. But *Book Five*, which is issued separately, is composed entirely of unpublished pieces. We are by no means sure that the unmerited neglect which so long hung over the poetry of Mr. Robert Bridges has not now given place to an equally unreflecting and exaggerated admiration of everything he writes; but this is the better fault. We are at one with his least critical eulogists in holding him to be a poet of true genius, one of the most unmistakable singers of this latest age.

The new poems are all lyrics, and the majority of them deal with the phenomena of nature, treated with great exactitude and close observation. The themes of this poet are rarely of much intrinsic importance; he is less a thinker than an artist. Some of the verses before us are records of little incidents in a very retired life, records which totter upon the edge of triviality, and are saved from it merely by the exquisite art of diction. "The Winnowers" describes a walk on the Berkshire Downs, perhaps to Illey:—

Between two billows of the downs
The little hamlet lies,
And nothing sees but the bald crowns
Of the hills, and the blue skies.

Clustering beneath the long descent
And grey slopes of the wold,
The red roofs nestle, overspent
With lichen yellow as gold.

The poet and his companion find that corn is being winnowed; they go in and watch the process so gravely that "the honest labourers laugh." They go away again, and that is all the poem—yet executed so clearly and sharply, with such fresh locutions, with so little that is worn or superfluous, that we are more than delighted. Of the same class, but more pathetic, are "I never shall love the snow again" and "A Linnet."

One or two more elaborated odes display to greater advantage the richness of Mr. Bridges's style and the beauty of his workmanship. Among these "The Garden in September" comes as near as perhaps any recent poem to the standard of Keats. Here is part of one gorgeous strophe:—

Where tomtits, hanging from the drooping heads
Of giant sunflowers, peck the nutty seeds;
And, in the feathery aster, bees on wing
Seize and set free the honied flowers,
Till thousand stars leap with their visiting:
While ever across the path mazelily flit,
Unpiloted in the sun,
The dreamy butterflies,
With dazling colours powdered and soft glooms,
White, black and crimson stripes, and peacock eyes,
Or on chance flowers sit,
With idle effort plundering one by one
The nectaries of deepest-throated blooms.

So far as the pieces in the present collection give us authority to speak, Mr. Bridges has in the main abandoned those "unusual and difficult rhythms" (to use his own phrase) with which he coquetted for so long a time in his middle period. These experiments were the attempt to obtain an impossible harmony between thought and language, to subject prosody itself to the sway of the emotions. When it becomes necessary to mark the cæsure and to accent the syllables mechanically before an instructed reader can be sure of the proper stress, the confines of pedantic eccentricity have been crossed. In this latest volume we meet with none of these too-artful negligences.

In pure lyric Mr. Bridges has no rival among the writers of his

* *Shorter Poems of Robert Bridges*. Book Five. Oxford: printed at the private press of H. Daniel. 1893.

own and the succeeding generation. Within the covers of *Book Five* we find many songs which it is with reluctance that we pass by. But one at least must be chosen, and we prefer to quote that which is simply entitled "Nightingales":—

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom
Ye learn your song:
Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,
Among the flowers, which, in that heavenly air,
Bloom the year long.

"Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams:
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,
A throe of the heart,
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
For all our art.

"Alone aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret: and then,
As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of
May,
Dream while the innumerable choir of day
Welcome the dawn."

What has been missed from the work of Mr. Bridges from the beginning—a warm humanity, a definite interest in the frailties and passions of mankind—is missing still. Something of the egotism of the virtuoso chills the stream of distinguished imagery and sensibility. This grows upon the poet, whose verse was never more sinuous and plastic; his imagination never more dignified, nor his sympathies more remote from man. In his precise and harmonious compositions the human rarely enters, and when it does, it is only as a decoration. We therefore welcome with especial warmth the ode in which Mr. Bridges, humanized by early memories, descends for once to social things, and celebrates with extraordinary charm "The Ninth Jubilee of Eton College." We must be forgiven if we extend this review by a somewhat lengthy citation from so beautiful and notable a poem:—

Here is eternal spring: for you
The very stars of heaven are new,
And aged Fame again is born
Fresh as a peeping flower of morn.

For you shall Shakespeare's scene unroll,
Mozart shall steal your ravished soul,
Homer his bardic hymn rehearse,
Virgil recite his maiden verse.

Now learn, love, have, do, be the best;
Each in one thing excel the rest:
Strive: and hold fast this truth of heaven—
To him that hath shall more be given.

Slow on your dial the shadows creep,—
So many hours for food and sleep,
So many hours till study tire,
So many hours for heart's desire.

These suns and moons shall memory save,
Mirrors bright for her magic cave:
Wherein may steadfast eyes behold
A self that groweth never old.

O in such prime enjoy your lot,
And when ye leave regret it not:
With wishing gifts in festal state
Pass ye the angel-sworded gate.

THE ART OF MUSIC.*

MANY people know Dr. Hubert Parry as the author of certain contributions to Sir George Grove's *Dictionary of Music*. To those who have read his articles, Dr. Parry's book needs no recommendation. They will find in it that same clear historical apprehension of men and styles operating over the whole range of musical art. No one who cares for music, whether as theorist, amateur, or performer, should omit reading Dr. Parry's lucid account of the art. His work is too thorough to be called popular, and yet it is so carefully weeded of crabbed technical expressions that any one with a real love of music, although uninformed by professional study, may easily understand its arguments. Proportion is well observed throughout, and the main course of history and criticism is never stopped by undue attention to detail. For a full treatment of technical points of the history of particular men, and of the development of particular schools,

* *The Art of Music*. By C. Hubert H. Parry. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1893.

you must look elsewhere. But nowhere will you find so clear, so fair, and so succinct a statement of the whole subject, or one which will enable you afterwards to approach the study of details with so broad a view of music and musicians. Though not a text-book for the student, Dr. Parry's *Art of Music* is the work of a real musician capable of regarding his art from a high professional standpoint. Music at his hands meets with quite other and more interesting treatment than it usually gets when it becomes the mere pretext of a flowery writer or a soulful apostle of culture.

Dr. Parry adopts a calm, judicial tone throughout, especially in controversial matters, yet the sincerity of his writing allows the reader a glimpse of his personal tastes. He is careful to trace the separate history of choral writing, of chamber music, of opera, and of symphonic music, as well as to show the influence of one branch on another. He shows contrapuntal choral music changing its basis from the old modes to the present system of keys; the growth of the feeling for tonality, and its manifestation in a new epoch of choral counterpoint; the development of instruments and of musical figures suitable to their technique; the determination of the sonata-form and other principles of design; the application of orchestral colour and effect to dramatic purposes; and, lastly, the modern preference of characterization to the pursuit of abstract beauty. In the course of this historical sketch he emphasizes with excellent judgment important departures, crises, and culminations in the practice of the art. Three of these culminations have particular importance—the old choral style culminating with Palestrina at the end of the sixteenth century, the new choral style with Handel and Bach in the first half of the eighteenth, and the culmination of the sonata-form of instrumental music with Beethoven at the outset of the nineteenth. It is highly interesting to read Dr. Parry's account of the long preparations that hatched the important crises in the growth of music. Technical and material means were slowly developed before ends, perhaps long foreshadowed, could be triumphantly attained. It was the lot of more than one man of genius—amongst others of Gluck—to conceive ideas which could not be treated adequately, owing to a deficiency in the material means of expression. For instance, the lack of equal temperament barred the way to a free use of the resources of tonality; and the growth of that compound instrument, the modern orchestra, was a slow affair, reaching over the two hundred years from the time when Monteverde took it up to the day when Beethoven left it complete.

Dr. Parry excels in discriminating between the work of several schools, and in setting parallel two epochs or two artists. We remember nothing better in musical literature than his comparison of Handel and Bach, Haydn and Mozart. Very much to the purpose, too, are some of his critical explanations and distinctions. We cannot go into such matters fully; but we may mention his treatment of the questions of scales and of folk-music in early chapters, and, later on, his account of Sonata-form and his distinctions between musical subject and design, between the melodic impulse and the rhythmic, between the men who mature late and "grow greater all their lives," Bach, Gluck, Beethoven, Wagner, and the facile men, such as Mozart and Mendelssohn, with "aims purely artistic," who produce themselves early and "do not grow much afterwards." Many readers will be up in arms at this apparent slight "au diou de la mousique." However, they must not judge Dr. Parry's argument from our partial statement and meagre quotation. Dr. Parry, like most composers of the day, sets little store by tune or by abstract beauty. He admires character, and he will be found a sympathetic exponent of Wagner. We and the many who cannot invariably enjoy Wagner may learn to put our failure down to our own deficiencies; but such recognition of incapacity, though humbling, is of little service in the arts. To know that he who offends our taste does so with superior power and intelligence hardly reconciles us to the outrage or enables us to support tedium with equanimity.

BACTERIA.*

THE science of Bacteriology has advanced enormously within the last few years; this is largely, no doubt, due to the fact that the science is in the first vigour of its youth. Not only are the "Transactions" and "Proceedings" of learned Societies swollen with the contributions of those who investigate these minute and frequently troublesome organisms, but there is at least one journal which is almost entirely devoted to the subject, and the accumulated knowledge has already begun to crystallize

* *Manual of Bacteriology for Practitioners and Students.* By Dr. S. L. Schenk, Professor Extraordinary in the University of Vienna. Translated, with an Appendix, by W. R. Dawson, B.A., M.D. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

out into text-books; this is, of course, a sign of approaching maturity. Dr. Schenk's manual is a systematic account of the different kinds of bacteria met with in the air, in the earth, in the waters under the earth, and in the bodies of animals, including man. It is prefaced with practical directions for the isolation and cultivation of these; and in an Appendix (by the translator, Dr. Dawson) are some timely notes about Asiatic cholera, an account of the unicellular animal parasites of the human body, and an exposition of "the action of light upon micro-organisms." As we are not dealing here with the first appearance of Dr. Schenk's book, it seems reasonable to dwell rather more upon the Appendix, which is so marked a feature of the English translation. That justly-dreaded disease cancer is at least connected with, if not due to, a minute Protozoon belonging to the Gregarinidae. This family of organisms is one which is entirely parasitic; but they more commonly affect invertebrate animals, which appear to be able to harbour them with impunity. Our humble connexion the earthworm invariably teems with them, and is apparently none the worse, for they cause no tumours or diseased spots. But with the human being it is different. It is curious that this should be so, for the tissues which build up the worm's body are quite as complicated in their way as those of which the framework of man consists. There are a few other unicellular parasites of a distinctly animal nature; but, of course, the bulk of the microscopic organisms which are present in disease are bacteria. A matter of the greatest practical as well as theoretical interest is the influence of light upon these plants; fortunately for us, this influence is for the bad as far as concerns the bacteria. Dr. Koch discovered that "tubercle bacilli are killed on exposure to direct sunlight, varying from some minutes to a few hours, according to the thickness of the layer." This is luckily true of many of the pathogenic forms; hence the obvious inference is favourable to open drains. Professor Marshall Ward pointed out that this is probably at least one of the reasons why diseases connected with bacteria are so extremely rare among plants; their tissues are much more freely exposed to the daylight than are those of animals. Though the propagation of harmful bacteria can thus be hindered by means at every one's disposal, they have unfortunately other ways of triumphing over this defect in their equipment for the battle of life. Like other unicellular creatures, bacteria can multiply with extreme rapidity, and in two ways; they either simply divide into two, or they form in their interior minute spores, each one of which can reproduce the parent organism; a further advantage which is possessed by these spores is that they will often withstand a very high temperature, fatal to the mature bacterium. For a long time there was no suspicion that the smaller pathogenic species could effect any active movements; but a glance at some of Dr. Schenk's excellent illustrations will show that many are provided with quite a number of vibratile cilia, the presence of which enables them to wander at will through the blood of their host; this is the case, for example, with the germ of typhoid fever. Dr. Schenk mentions many curiosities of bacterial life; there is a particular form which is of a bluish colour; when grown on slices of potato it is brown, but will change to grey when touched with a platinum wire. For purposes of study bacteria are "cultivated" upon such substances, or in nutrient liquids; gelatine is the favourite medium; but one observer, with apparently unnecessary extravagance, used the whites of plovers' eggs. The way in which these growths extend themselves are often highly characteristic of the species, and Dr. Schenk gives numerous figures in illustration of this important point. It is possible in this way to detect the presence of noxious germs in water and milk. The minutest trace of the infected fluid is greatly diluted, and the barest morsel of this again taken and smeared upon a gelatine or other medium. The subsequent growth will reveal the characteristics of the particular form or forms of bacteria present, provided that the dilution has been carried out in a sufficiently thorough way to isolate the germs; otherwise, of course, there will be a confused growth, due to numerous different species combining together.

THE PARTRIDGE.*

THE "Fur and Feather" series may be described as a child of the "Badminton Library." It has the same Editor, and its principal contributors and illustrators were also employed upon the parent series. Indeed, it might almost be called "Shooting (Field and Covert)," in the "Badminton Library," amplified; for, whereas only one volume is given to the subject in that excellent

* *The Partridge.* Natural History. By the Rev. H. A. Macpherson. Shooting. By A. J. Stuart-Wortley. Cookery. By George Saintsbury. With Illustrations by A. J. Stuart-Wortley, A. Thorburn, and C. Whymper. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1893.

sporting library, five are to be devoted to it in the "Fur and Feather" series.

The Rev. H. A. Macpherson's chapters on the Natural History of the Partridge will probably be found to contain some facts hitherto unknown even to men who fancy themselves conversant with everything relating to that bird. It may surprise many people to hear that Mr. Macpherson considers the partridge, even in Great Britain, a quasi-migrant, and that on the Continent it is "probably a more decided migrant, or semi-migrant, than in our country, since it is exposed to greater extremes of heat and cold." He maintains that one of the modern changes in agriculture has brought about an alteration in the habits of partridges. Formerly they "used to nest almost as much in the open fields as the quail," and heavy rains often spoiled their hatchings. Of late years, however, since mowing-machines have come so much into use, "the frequent destruction of nests in the open meadows has convinced many female partridges of the advantages supplied to nesting-birds by the shelter afforded by the briars and brambles that festoon the banks of the older and untrimmed hedgerows." If this be so, the mowing-machine may turn out, after all, to be for the welfare instead of the destruction of partridges. Mr. Macpherson calculates the number of eggs hatched by a single partridge as varying from six to twenty-one. Sometimes two hen partridges will lay in one nest; pheasants occasionally contribute an egg or two, and even domestic poultry, straggling from a farmyard, have been known to lay in a partridge's nest. On the other hand, "there are well-authenticated instances of partridges voluntarily attaching themselves to the neighbourhood of human beings," and feeding with the chickens at a farmhouse. Mr. Macpherson's section of the book contains very many details as to the "courting," laying, hatching, and domestic habits of partridges, their colours, and the particular varieties to be found in different parts of the world. We cannot say that he stimulates our appetite by quoting John Evelyn's description of "those incomparable sallads of young herbs, taken out of the maws of partridges at a certain season of the year," "which," says he, "give them a preparation far exceeding all the art of cookery."

Fortunately the section on "Shooting the Partridge" was entrusted to a man who can shoot partridges exceedingly well, draw them exceedingly well, and write about them exceedingly well. In his opinion, "the real foundation of the superiority of a good man out shooting over a bad one" lies in his observations of the habits of the partridge when disturbed either by being "walked-up" or "driven." This foundation "is the quality of observation highly developed and coupled with a faithful memory." His advice to the beginner is to cultivate "the happy practice of going over again in his mind all the incidents of the day, field by field, and shot by shot, when he goes to bed, trying to remember how and where every brace of birds was killed, how many were shot, how many were lost, and where." It is the custom to sneer at men who aim at making enormous bags, as mere poulterers, who do not care for, or know anything about, genuine sport; but Mr. Stuart Wortley says that the late Dhuleep Singh, who "very seldom went out for less than one hundred brace to his own gun, and was a typical exponent of the big shoot system," knew as much about "the habits and natural history of all game" as any man of his acquaintance, "whilst of the partridge, from the day of his hatching to the day of his being roasted and eaten, there was nothing he did not know." Mr. Stuart Wortley has another important remark to make with regard to crack game-shots. "I do not recollect," he says, "an instance of a first-rate shot being a stupid man, nor do I see how he could be. A certain mathematical aptitude, which finds vent in calculation of distances and study of angles, is an essential; and combined with this, and perhaps producing it, is a love of accuracy in all things." We fully agree with him, so far as first-rate shots are concerned; and possibly his experience may coincide with ours that, in spite of all this, good shots, but not quite first-rate shots, are sometimes stupid enough. He devotes considerable space to urging the necessity of acquiring the habit "of shooting forward of the bird by calculation," and he illustrates this theory by comparing the shooter with a man fielding a ball or running "for a catch at cricket. He doesn't run or stretch out his hand to where the ball is at the moment of seeing it, but to the spot where it will meet his hand." The same principle applies to riding to hounds. We remember an old huntsman saying to us:—"I have often watched Captain —'s dodge, sir," mentioning the name of one of the best men across country then at Melton; "he keeps his eye on the leading hounds, and, the very instant he sees them turn, he turns too; he don't go galloping up to the place where they turned. The Captain, he saves many a hundred yards in a long run that way, and then people wonder why his horses seem to go so much faster than theirs."

Among many other valuable hints, in the section on Shooting, are some as to how the shooter should eat, drink, smoke, and even make love. The distressing truth is broken to us that "the host who does his shooting really well, most probably 'does you well' in other things." Many a shooter has found this out to his cost. We know one host, celebrated for the enormous head of game killed in his great shoots, who supplements his excellent dinners by placing a dose of a certain medicine, in which he is a devout believer, on the dressing-tables of each of his "guns," accompanied by a written request that it should be taken before going to bed. For that matter, Mr. Stuart-Wortley advises his shooters to "take about a teaspoonful of mixed bicarbonate of soda and ditto of potass" before retiring to rest. "Eschew," he says, "the late afternoon tea, which is too often only a severe astringent dose of tannic acid." We are far from denying that these are words of wisdom, but the question presents itself whether "a severe astringent dose of tannic acid" is so very much more desirable at breakfast, immediately before shooting, than immediately after it. His description of the condition of a shooter who has been "done" too well by his host on the previous evening is quite pathetic; "even Schultz or E.C. may not save" him "from that peculiar class of 'head' which feels after each shot like the opening and shutting of a heavy book charged with electricity." The best display of his powers of description, however, is to be found in nine consecutive pages recording imaginary partridge-drives. We have never read anything more spirited or more true to life on the subject. It seems to us that he does not claim too much in saying that partridge-shooting, including driving and walking, is the best test of a shot. "If you shoot partridges, walked-up or driven, really well," says he, "you can shoot anything"; and he considers that "there is no class of shot which the partridge does not afford at some time or other, with the exception of the twisting in the first few yards of flight peculiar to the snipe." As to the question of walking up or driving, he says that "driving is the cream, the luxury, and poetry of the sport; walking up is the very marrow and essence of it," and he defies any one "to handle a line of men, or arrange a beat for driving, who has not plenty of experience in walking after them." In counties where driving is not much practised an idea prevails that it is only successful when carried out on a very large scale; but Mr. Stuart-Wortley assures all who labour under such an impression that "there is no prettier art than driving partridges to one or two guns with only three or four drivers." There must, of course, in such a case be plenty of partridges to drive; for there is nothing pretty about it when it is a last resource over ground which has been already hard shot.

Not in the spirit of a greedy epicure, but in that of a man of fine appreciation of all that is beautiful in nature and in art, does Mr. Saintsbury approach that very important subject, "The Cookery of the Partridge." Indeed, he says—and what is truer?—that "the simplest cookery is the best," not only in the case of the partridge, but in that "of all game birds." It should be roasted, not too much, but quite enough, "for a partridge is not a wild-duck." When cold it should be eaten exactly as it is for breakfast. But this is the counsel of perfection, and "counsels of perfection are apt to pall upon mankind; and, moreover, unfortunately they are not invariably listened to by partridges." For the partridge with imperfect flesh, and the man with imperfect taste, Mr. Saintsbury gives details of the best methods of imparting an artificial flavour to the one and stimulating the palate of the other, in language as simple and as understood of the people as it is excellent. We admit to having felt a momentary shock when we read, concerning the virtues of our favourite *perdreux au chou*, "that the *perdreux* has the least say in the matter." Is our *perdreux au chou* a pike that he should say this? The worst of it is that, on calm reflection, we are afraid he is right, which only proves that we, too, are imperfect.

We fear that their illustrations will be the means of making the lives of these volumes very short, as people are certain to take them up constantly in order to "look at the pictures," and thus wear them out and pull them to pieces. That is the only fault we have to find with the engravings. The plumage on Mr. Thorburn's birds is exquisite, and well repays very careful study, either with a magnifying glass or without one. There are some useful diagrams, and the only want in the book is an index.

THE EGYPTIAN COLLECTION AT THE FITZWILLIAM.*

THE Cambridge collection of Egyptian antiquities cannot compare in interest with that in the Ashmolean Museum at

* Catalogue of the Egyptian Collection in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. By E. A. Wallis Budge, Litt.D. Cambridge: University Press. 1893.

Oxford. In one item alone Oxford excels Cambridge, and excels even the British Museum and the Louvre. At Cambridge, however, there is a respectable allowance of ordinary Egyptian curiosities and, in addition, a few objects of great importance. The publication of the present Catalogue, to which a separate volume, *The Mummy*, lately reviewed in these columns, was a kind of preface, makes the Fitzwilliam collection much more available for study than its rival at the sister University; and the day may come when hieroglyphics will be good subjects for examination.

The Cambridge collection has been largely formed by donations from members of the University and others, supplemented by a few purchases made by the Syndics. The granite cover of the coffin of Rameses III.—a very important item, the rest of the coffin being at Paris—was presented by the famous giant Belzoni. A mummy and coffin, given by the Prince of Wales, is assigned by Dr. Budge to Pa-kep, or Pa-kepu, of about 500 B.C., and is very perfect, having several peculiarities in the inscriptions. For example, both Pa-kep's mother, Aarru, and his father, Amenhetepit, are named, instead of his mother only. The coffin of Nesi-pa-ur-shaf is of considerable antiquity, dating, as it does, from about 1500 B.C.—that is, to use the favourite chronology of English students, about the time when Moses was keeping the flock of Jethro. There are several other coffins, and a considerable array of Canopic jars, boxes for figures, models of offerings, and sepulchral statues and stelæ. The scarabs comprise some rare objects, and Dr. Budge is, no doubt, right when he places among them a small black stone cylinder inscribed with the name of Sahura, a king of the fifth dynasty, about 3500 B.C. A somewhat similar cylinder, but much larger and coarser, is included among the regal scarabs in the collection at the British Museum. The rest of the present Catalogue of scarabs includes one of the eleventh, three of the twelfth, and a considerable number of the eighteenth dynasty, and later, among them being one of Okeleth II., of the twenty-second dynasty—a rarity, if not unique. The principal benefactors to this museum, besides those named above, are the late Henry B. Brady, F.R.S., Mr. Willis Clark, Mr. Edward Clarke, Mr. Robertsen Smith, Mr. Waddington, Mr. Hanbury, and the late Rev. J. Greville Chester, whose gift is catalogued apart. In his preface Dr. Budge says of the whole collection:—"The expenditure of a comparatively small sum of money would now make it a valuable instrument for teaching purposes."

CUSTOMS AND FASHIONS IN OLD NEW ENGLAND.*

APPLAUSE, rather than criticism, must be given to Miss Earle for her most fresh, erudite, and entertaining book, *Customs and Fashions in Old New England*. To be critical, a reviewer would need such stores of manuscripts, old books, and old New England newspapers as Miss Earle has access to, and on this side of the sea these treasures are not to be obtained. We cannot correct her statements or pick holes in her facts, and must even be content to repeat some of her stories, and recommend every one who wants a glimpse of a dead world to buy her book. Miss Earle, we think, is already known as the writer of an excellent work on old colonial pottery, with coloured illustrations. If we are not mistaken, she has the right spirit of an antiquary, and would be excluded by Monkbarns from his general theory of womankind.

Not detaining us with a sketch of New England's origins, Miss Earle at once treats of child-life under Puritanism. The youngling was carried through frost and snow to be christened, perhaps to be dipped bodily in an icy font, on the first Sunday after his birth. Judge Sewall's diary is Miss Earle's great authority, and he tells how, despite "a very extraordinary storm" in 1694, an infant was carried forth and baptized. Of the Judge's fourteen children, only three survived him, and, out of Cotton Mather's fifteen, only two lived to mourn a father. In fact, if parents had not done their duty on a large scale, nobody would have survived at all, the betting being seven to one against it. "Scarlet laid on the child's head to keep him from harm" did not counteract the evil influences. Daffy's Elixir, on which Mrs. Sedley fought a battle royal with Emmy Osborne, was a specific, and may have slain its thousands. This we say without prejudice to the Elixir of Daffy, if it is still in the market. It cannot have been nastier than "the admirable and most famous Snail water," for which a gruesome recipe is given. All these domestic recipes, no doubt, came from England. Even in living memory, Scotch domestic quackeries were worse than whooping-cough, and one usually had both the remedy and the disease. Funerals were the cheerful sights in which Puritan children took

their pleasure, but boys "played wicket," which, we presume, was cricket; they lost this birthright in consequence of our distance from our base and our Continental embarrassments towards the end of last century.

Judge Sewall lectured to his son Sam on the early death, by way of "Small Pocks," of "Richard Dumer, a flourishing youth of nine," but Sam "seemed not much to mind, eating an Apple." Having come to the end of the Apple, he wept, and said he was afraid to die. Betty disturbed the family a good deal from an apprehension "that she was not elected," which, even if so, was no fault of Betty's. She never recovered her cheerfulness, and, having eight children, probably, like Wodrow, "thought it would be an uncouth mercy" if they were all elected. For literature these children had Sunday books, by Cotton Mather, and "the Early Piety series." By 1787 they had *Tom Jones* and *Peregrine Pickle*, abridged—a great change. The boys were "thrust at once into that iron-handed but wholly wise grasp, the Latin Grammar." Brava, Miss Earle! She, probably, does not pine for a school of Tootle at Oxford, with which we are likely to be blessed. The lads were plied "with lamming and with whipping, and such benefits of nature." One master birched his boys. Miss Earle, in a lapse of reason, calls him "tigerish." What it is like to be beaten "on a peaked block with a tattling stick" we do not know, nor does Miss Earle, but, for choice, give us birching.

Marriage was remarkably active. As soon as Judge Sewall lost one wife, he looked through the available widows in search of another. Girls of twenty-five were called "ancient virgins," at thirty a young woman was "a thorn back," and widows alone were in demand. They courted queerly, with presents of groceries, and mugs of cider; they squabbled much over dowries and settlements. Sarah Tuttle was fined for kissing Jacob Murline—to be sure they kissed a great deal—but she never paid. "Bundling" was a prevalent mystery, and not a very moral one. The usual frolics at weddings were practised, as on the fatal occasion when Charles II., not knowing what was written "on the parchments of Zeus," shouted encouragingly, "St. George for England." He meant well, but the Prince of Orange proved ungrateful. In Rhode Island they still pull the bride out of her chamber into the open air (p. 77). Smock marriages were well known, and one bride entirely unclad crept out of a window and put on her wedding finery as she stood on the top of a ladder! If Mr. Howells reads this book he will blush himself into an apoplexy. There were divorces; but Miss Earle, quoting Madam Knight (1704), thinks that they need not be "Related by a Female Pen." Servants were scarce. Indians were tried, were beaten, and ran away. Negroes cost from twenty to forty pistoles. Red Men were sold as slaves, and very worthless slaves they would be, to the West Indies. The New England advertisements of slave-sales are "heartless and vicious"; we all know how the New England conscience was horrified when New England practices survived later in the Southern States. Children were sold by the pound like mutton. As early as 1700 our friend Judge Sewall protested against these Puritan iniquities. His congregation gave Cotton Mather a black valued at 50*l*.! Our coloured brother was "horribly arrested by spirits"—not the spirits for whose sake Cotton burned a number of his fellow-citizens, but brandy, whisky, rum, and gin. The colonists lived well, drank like fishes, detested Christmas-pudding and maypoles, and disliked balls, where, as John Cotton says, "there is lascivious dancing to wanton ditties, with amorous gestures and wanton dalliances." Miss Earle conjectures that the minister "had been in some very singular company." By 1762 an attempt was made to act *Othello* under the disguise of Moral Dialogues. Iago was played by "Mr. Allyn"—whether a descendant of Alleyne or not we cannot expect to learn. To see people whipped, hanged, and pilloried was a diversion as popular as in England. Lotteries were patronized by ministers. The books published were chiefly religious; in 1728 a "Miscellany of Poems, by Several Hands," was published, or at least was advertised; but colonial poetry was sad stuff. The dress of the women was cut so low as to cause, according to some contemporary Tartufe, "a just and seasonable reprehension of naked breasts." A Boston publisher wore a pea-green coat, white vest, nankin small-clothes, white silk stockings, and pumps with silver buckles. For medical authorities Miss Earle cites *The Queen's Closet Opened* and *A Queen's Delight*. The former is full of wild prescriptions—one, we remember, has a pretty name, in natural blank verse:—

Water of Thyme for Passion of the Heart.

Miss Earle's copy is of 1656; there are editions just after the Restoration. Our author's example has belonged to William Morse—Boston, 1710. Now, a William Morse, of Newberry, in 1679, had his house haunted by

* *Customs and Fashions in Old New England*. By Alice Morse Earle. London: Nutt. 1893.

perambulating tables, jumping chairs, and sticks that flew about; he was also afflicted by the presence of a grandson in all respects tormented like Lord Torpichen's son, about 1720. The story, which is very curious and comic, may be read in *Remarkable Providences*, by Increase Mather. Can William Morse, who owned *The Queen's Closet*, be this demoniac grandson of William Morse of Newberry? As our author's full name is Alice Morse Earle, she may conceivably descend from William the Possessed. In that case her remote great-grandmother had a near escape from being burned as a witch. Rubies, pearls, gold, and coral were then expensive ingredients in medicine. This, Miss Earle thinks, may have soured the clergy, who, on incomes of 60*l.* paid in bearskins or wampum, could not afford really expensive physic. The use of gold in medicine is remarkable, as if, in place of paying the doctor, you swallowed the fee. As for the natural results—funerals—they were great festivities. Poems were written in the style of—

It was not cruel Mumps that came,
Nor Measles dire, with spots;
Not these effaced the sacred name
Of Stephen Dowell Botte.

One piece, of 1708, is called *A Grammarian's Funeral*. Mourning rings were much like our own, in gold with black enamel; one of these, with a miniature of Charles II., we are familiar with. There were death's heads on a basis of the hair of the deceased; such an one, of Clementina, Queen of James VIII. (or the Old Pretender), we know. Skeletons at full length, angels carrying up a heart to heaven, and the like, endured, in England, till towards the end of last century. Epitaphs would run thus:—

Beneath this ston's
Int'r'd the Bones
Ah, Frail Remains
Of Lieut. Noah Jones!

We prefer—

Beneath this heap of rustic stones
Lies the body of Mary Jones.
Her name was Smith, it was not Jones,
But Jones was put to rhyme to stones.

Such are a few plums from Miss Earle's pudding, which of plums is all compact. It will have been plain to the reader that many of her descriptions apply, nearly as well, to contemporary middle-class life in England.

TWELVE ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.*

WRITTEN specially for Americans as the papers contained in this volume were, they are so pleasant and instructive that we cordially welcome their reappearance on behalf of the English reader. No one, save the few that have either a thorough architectural education or special local knowledge, could desire a more competent guide than Mrs. Van Rensselaer's book when on a visit to any of the twelve cathedrals it describes, while its clear and often picturesque style, and, above all, its charming illustrations, make it a very delightful companion for all times and places. To those who know some or all of these twelve famous churches it will recall their chief features, and the pleasant hours already spent in examining them, and if the reader comes on a chapter on one of the twelve that he does not happen to know, he will be stirred up by it to remedy his ignorance as speedily as may be in his power to do so. In an excellent introductory chapter on English Cathedrals generally, Mrs. Van Rensselaer explains what it is that gives a church cathedral rank, points out, perhaps a little too briefly, the differences between cathedrals of the Old and of the New Foundation, and gives a sufficient sketch of the leading characteristics of the different styles of English Church architecture. We go on to twelve chapters, dealing each with a cathedral, and divided into convenient sections. Canterbury of course begins the list, and is followed by Peterborough and Durham as the best examples of Norman work. Then comes Salisbury, the one uniform English cathedral, built throughout in the Early English of the first half of the thirteenth century. Lichfield and Lincoln, with their Decorated work, come next in architectural order, and they are followed by Ely, Wells, Winchester, Gloucester, and York; while St. Paul's, with reference to which we are told much that is interesting, both as regards the history of the building and its place in architectural history, completes the number. In each case we have a short notice of the history of the See as well as a description of the cathedral church. A special point that is worthy of

commendation in Mrs. Van Rensselaer's work is her constant comparison of the Gothic art in England and in France. The French cathedrals please her the better, not merely because they are more lofty, magnificent, and homogeneous than their English sisters, and exhibit in a higher degree the daring spirit which may almost be described as the very essence of the best Gothic art, but also because they are more fully in accord with Gothic canons, in that they have a complete "framework of active members upon which all the weight is concentrated, while the connecting portions [*i.e.* the stone-work between these members] merely play the part of enclosing screens," whereas in England solid walls are used to sustain triforium and vault. Nevertheless she has a warm admiration for our English cathedrals, and can see beauties even in those points in respect of which she rightly, as we think, judges them inferior to the great churches of France. Our scrap of extract comes from her chapter on Salisbury, which is contrasted in a very suggestive and instructive passage with the cathedral of Amiens.

Two or three oversights or mistakes strike us, and we notice them here, not in a carping spirit, but in order to help Mrs. Van Rensselaer to remove in another edition any blemishes from her generally accurate and useful book. While her descriptions are in all cases the results of personal observation, she has made considerable use of the works of other authors, and candidly acknowledges her indebtedness. We are sure, therefore, that she would not willingly seem to pretend to make an extract from a book that, so far as we can judge, she has not read, and so we suggest that it would be well not to say "we read" certain English sentences, quoted in inverted commas, "in the *Magna Vita S. Hugonis*"; for not only is the *Magna Vita* of course written in Latin, but the quotation—which comes, we think, from a seventeenth century author—does not represent what the Bishop's chaplain tells us; it dates the Bishop's death on a different day, and, which is more important, states that "he built his church from the foundations," whereas in the *Magna Vita* we have "*capit a fundamentis erigere*." The Archbishop of Canterbury was not the prior of Christ Church; he was in the place of abbot, and was the *persona* of the house. Nor should Mrs. Van Rensselaer speak of a bishop as having once been a monk; for a monk, when he received consecration, did not desert his religious Order, though in some cases he ceased to reside in a monastery. In writing of Wells she falls into error through following, somewhat blindly, Freeman's *History of the Cathedral Church of Wells*. Now, though that book has great merits, it also has some defects; as, indeed, a work of that sort must necessarily have when written with the imperfect knowledge to be obtained by consulting printed authorities only. We must, however, exonerate Freeman from being the author of the statement that Bishop Roberts's (1136-1166) title was Bath and Wells. No bishop, so far as is known, used that style before Roger (1244-1247), and no one had any right to use it before Roger's predecessor.

Of the engravings in this volume we need say little more than that most of them are from drawings by Mr. Joseph Pennell, and represent some of his happiest efforts. Many of our readers doubtless admired them when they appeared in the *Century Magazine* along with these papers of Mrs. Van Rensselaer, which have, by the way, been revised for this edition of her book. Beautiful as these drawings of Mr. Pennell's are, he has not sacrificed truth to picturesque effect; for they show us the various buildings as they really are, with all their proper grace or majesty, apprehended by an artist's eye and interpreted by his hand. To say that Mr. Pennell's work is delicate and full of feeling is merely to repeat what has been said of it again and again. Nevertheless, with these examples before us, it is only due to him to repeat it. The purely architectural illustrations are well drawn by Mr. A. D. F. Hamlin.

PARTHIA.*

TO the average reader of the classica Parthia "begins" not very long before Crassus fell at Carrhæ, and rid his colleagues of himself at a most opportune moment; it continues to be borne in mind during the next couple of centuries or so as a more or less important and interesting factor in the Eastern Question of the day; and it generally drops out of sight, dramatically enough and suddenly, about 166 A.D., when the army of Avidius Cassius returns to Rome swollen with the pomp and pride of conquest, and bringing among its spoils the germs of that terrible plague which swept unchecked through Italy, and inflicted upon the Empire a blow from which, if we are to accept the view of

* *Handbook of English Cathedrals—Canterbury, Peterborough, Durham, Salisbury, Lichfield, Lincoln, Ely, Wells, Winchester, Gloucester, York, London.* By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Illustrated with Drawings by Joseph Pennell, also with Plans and Diagrams. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

* *The Story of the Nations—Parthia.* By George Rawlinson M.A., F.R.G.S. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

at least one great German historian, it never wholly recovered. We know, of course, that there was a "before and after"; but (unless we belong to a rather small band of specialists) we do not often think about them.

Mr. Rawlinson, it is scarcely necessary to say, takes us a good deal further back as well as somewhat further forward. His history of the Parthians covers nearly five centuries, divided almost equally by the beginning of the Christian era. His Parthia, at its greatest, extends from the Pamirs to the Euphrates, and embraces all that is modern Persia, along with the greater part of Afghanistan and a large slice of Russian and Turkish Asia; while in its babyhood he exhibits it as perhaps the one-twenty-fifth part of its maximum, occupying much the same ground as Khorasan does to-day. When first the Parthian glides into history, he is the joint tenant with the equally shadowy Hyrcanian of a longish slip of land south-east of the Caspian. The ancients, who were tolerably unanimous in considering his manners offensive, set him down as a rule as a Scyth; that does not prove very much, but Mr. Rawlinson thinks it supports his contention that the Parthians were Turanians, and consequently allied to our Turks and Tartars; yet the facts are not so well ascertained or the arguments so conclusive that one need feel bound to give up the theory of an Aryan origin. Aryans or Turanians, they seem to have been loyal enough subjects to the Persian crown during the greater part of the Achæmenid sway. Parthians formed part of Xerxes's great expedition, and Parthians strove to beat off encroaching Europe at Issus and Arbela. But it was nevertheless the victories of Alexander that set them on the road to greatness.

When the greatest achievement of the "Successors," the empire of Seleucus and the Seleucids, was beginning to fall to pieces, among the first to raise the standard of revolt was the Parthian satrapy. As Bactria had got its independence a little earlier, Mr. Rawlinson finds it instructive to draw a parallel between the two cases. In Bactria, a Greek satrap established a kingdom which was—at first—"as thoroughly Hellenic as that of the Seleucids." In Parthia, as he takes it, "the native Asiatics rebelled against their masters. A people of rude and uncivilized type, coarse and savage, but brave and freedom-loving, rose up against the polished but comparatively effeminate Greeks who held them in subjection, and claimed and succeeded in establishing their independence. The Parthian kingdom was thoroughly anti-Hellenic." Lest this should err on the side of under-statement, he goes on to insist emphatically that "it [the Parthian kingdom] set itself to undo the work of Alexander, to cast out the Europeans, to recover for the native race the possession of its own continent [sic]. . . 'Asia for the Asiatics!' was its cry." There is something painful in the narrow modernity of all this. One expects, after this, to find Mr. Rawlinson making ingenious surmises as to whether Arsaces the Deliverer—whom he compares with Tell and Victor Emmanuel—issued a Programme, made proper arrangements for popular representation, and addressed a Native Congress in which he commanded a large majority. As a matter of fact, it is unlikely that that worthy—who, most probably, was no more a Parthian than Mr. Naoroji is a Hindoo—was inspired by any other idea than that which stirred up the Bactrian revolt, and other revolts by the score in the history of the East. An energetic, ambitious, and capable princeling tore himself and a kingdom away from the grasp of a distant monarch whose hands were too full and too weak to hold tight to all his lands and peoples. It was when Antiochus Theus was brawling with an Egyptian Ptolemy beyond the other fringe of his unwieldy empire that the Parthians in the East were released from nominal obedience to their real ruler's overlord, and rejoiced in kings of their own. The "psychological moment" was somewhere about the year 250 B.C.; and from that moment Parthia grew rapidly, conquering and absorbing the territories that made up its ultimate size, and entering in the course of time upon the whole inheritance of the Great King and the Seleucids; there is no exaggeration in Mr. Rawlinson's statement that "it occupied the position of the second nation in the world from about B.C. 150 to A.D. 226." From its contact, hostile and friendly, with the first nation in the world it emerged well enough; but in its turn it crumbled and yielded to another Persian empire under the sway of the Sassanids. And here, perhaps, it may be permissible, while we are thinking of the struggles of Roman and Parthian and Persian, to introduce a few words recently written by Professor Bury of Dublin, whose views are not altogether those of our author:—

'It must not be forgotten that these [Parthian] kings were of Iranian race, speaking an Iranian language, maintaining the religion of Zoroaster, and that the whole character of their court was Persian. Thus it is quite true to say that

the Romans in their Parthian wars not only maintained the same cause, but fought against the same foe as Themistocles when he repulsed Xerxes, and as Alexander when he overthrew Darius.'

We are not ready to affirm that it is "quite true to say" this; but we find this picturesque statement suggestive and striking and worth considering in connexion with some parts of Mr. Rawlinson's book.

Of the merits—which are many—of Mr. Rawlinson's *Parthia* we must speak briefly. Its chief excellence is that it gives us in a compact and well-arranged volume a concise history of a people the tale of whose doings is only to be disentangled with much labour and reading from the literature of the better-known nations with whom they came in contact. From the ancient writers and the big histories of modern times we may piece together a working account of this misty folk, eking out the scant store of historical facts with theories and inferences based on the assiduous work of the ethnologist, the archæologic digger, and the expert in coins. This Mr. Rawlinson does for us in a thoroughly satisfactory and business-like way, summarizing his authorities, and making use of all available sources of information. If there is one part that we should like to select for special praise, it is the altogether admirable chapter on "Parthian Art, Religion, and Customs," in which the enthusiasm of the ex-Camden Professor and his wide, varied, and exact archæological knowledge have combined to produce a little masterpiece. It is curious to notice how much less inspiring he is when he is writing of battles and conquests and warlike operations; much of the book must surely, we fear, be in consequence tough (not to say dry) reading for him who attacks the subject for the first time in these pages. But no doubt this is partly due to the conditions of Mr. Rawlinson's task; there is not much room for spirited writing when you have to condense into four hundred pages the history of five hundred years, and when, at the same time, your conscience will not permit you to omit any matter of fact, however trivial or unenlightening. All things considered, Mr. Rawlinson is certainly to be heartily congratulated on the way in which he has done his work.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IX.

THE volume of *Reproductions of Pictures by Sir John Gilbert*, edited by Mr. A. G. Temple, and published by Messrs. Blades, East, & Blades, commemorates the artist's recent gift to the City Corporation, and is both handsome and appropriate. The sixteen pictures now in the Guildhall gallery are reproduced by collotype process, from negatives by Messrs. Dixon & Son, with excellent effect, while sound judgment is shown with regard to the scale of rendering. These pictures comprise some of the best examples of Sir John Gilbert's accomplished and versatile work, both in oils and in water-colour—as a painter of battle-fields, of martial or stately pageants, of historical characters or scenes, and, lastly, yet of perhaps higher inspiration than all, of landscape. The Gilbertian landscape is extremely characteristic. With certain affinities with Gainsborough and with Rubens, it has a certain distinction of romance that is all its own, and may be likened to a romantic mid-region which, like the Forest of Arden, is in accord with nature and yet defies the topographer. Effectively "composed" are these tracts of wild, rocky woodland, peopled by errant knights, distressed damsels, bandits, or other picturesque figures. Of this characteristic landscape the Guildhall collection holds admirable examples in the "Charcoal Burners" and "A Witch," from the Water-Colour Society's Exhibition of 1889; in the Academy painting of "St. George"; and in the water-colour, "The Knight Errant," of 1891. The reproduction of these, and the rest, with Mr. Temple's notes and prefatory sketch, form a most desirable catalogue of a collection of pictures that is as interesting as it is representative of the artist's gifts.

Mr. Walter Crane's *Illustrations to Shakespeare's "Tempest"* (Dent & Co.) consist of eight pen designs engraved and printed by Duncan C. Dallas, by the reproductive process known as "Dallatype," which is decidedly deserving of the commendation Mr. Crane awards it in this instance. The rendering of the drawings is exceedingly good, and the printing of them beautiful. A notable feature of the work is the ingenious mounting of the impressions, arranged in a box-like album. Mr. Crane's designs are full of grace and the charm of refinement, though as illustration it might be objected that the Prospero here presented is curiously unimposing, and the Ariel a young woman—which Ariel certainly is not. In the new edition of *The Old Garden*,

and other Verses, by Margaret Deland (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), Mr. Crane's decorative faculty and fertility in design are delightfully evident. There is something of Blake-like fancy in the floral decoration of many of the pages of this pretty volume, where flowers and birds and children—in quaint vignette or flowing border—make a little world of fresh and buoyant fancy and harmonious colour.

Vanity Fair Album—the twenty-fifth of the series—is as admirable as ever, in scope as in the quality and execution of its portraits of eminent persons—portraiture that presents, as heretofore, the genial aspects of caricature, and has much more of truth and revelation in it than what is conventionally regarded as portraiture. The caricatural element varies considerably, and it is this variety—not of treatment, but of force and accent in the caricature—that renders the collection so piquant as a whole. Slight, or excessive, as this kind of characterization may be, the result in general is exceedingly happy. In some examples the playful or perverse spirit of caricature pervades the whole figure; in others it lies in the wilful emphasis of the rendering of a gesture, a play of features, or a habit of poise or walk. Examples of both extremes of the range of portraiture we have in the clever studies of the Duke of Somerset and Professor Virchow; Signor Mascagni and Mr. Carson; Sir R. Payne-Gallwey and Mr. T. H. Bolton—to name no others of this diverting gallery.

Hood, who was his own illustrator, in more than one sense, has found a new and a successful illustrator in Mr. Charles E. Brock, who contributes something over a hundred vivacious drawings to *Humorous Poems*, by Thomas Hood (Macmillan & Co.), with a preface by Alfred Ainger, whose sketch of Hood's life and writings is written with excellent taste and discernment. Mr. Brock is peculiarly happy in illustrating poems where "the noble animal—the horse" plays a prominent part, as in the "Epping Hunt" and in the ludicrous ballad of the sailor who got his legs bowed. His drawings of young people and children are also exceedingly pleasant. Canon Ainger's selection is by no means as representative of Hood's humour as it might have been. It includes, as a matter of course, such masterpieces as the inimitable "Faithless Sally Brown," "Nelly Gray," "The Duel," "A Sailor's Apology," "Tim Turpin," "The Demon Ship," and some other good things. But it finds room for poems that are distinctly of Hood's second-best, and misses altogether a dozen that are of the first rank, such as the incomparable humour of "More Hallabaloo," with its impeccable puns, and its street singer whose voice had "all Lablache's body in it," and though it completely filled the house it also emptied it.

Mr. W. T. Stead's *Two and Two make Four*—a dull proposition for a title; "Two and Two make Five" were more romantic—is a slack-jointed romance compounded of the life and adventures of the notorious Mr. J. Spencer Balfour and of the millennium that is to be when Mr. Stead's latest project is realized, and Jabez and his tribe shall prey no more on the guileless Nonconformist. Mr. Manville Fenn's *Blue Jackets; or, the Log of the "Teaser"* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) tells of the adventures of three "middies" in Chinese waters on board a cruiser intent on putting down piracy. It is a lively story, despite the unreality of a certain friendly Chinaman who plays the part of interpreter, and is an exalted moral character, and the young midshipmen are capably drawn. *Walter Trevelyan*, by J. S. Fletcher (W. & R. Chambers), is a story of the year of the Spanish Armada, and the adventures of a parish apprentice of Plymouth who runs away to sea in a slaver, fights with the Spaniards, is taken a prisoner into Cadiz, and carried as far as the English Channel with the Armada, whence he makes an extremely lucky escape. Mr. Fletcher grafts his stirring fiction on to the stock of truth, as he hints in his preface, and the result is a spirited story such as all boys will enjoy. All readers of *Little Women* know "Jo" and "Meg," the authors of *Comic Tragedies* (Sampson Low & Co.), a set of half a dozen plays that were acted by them when they were young girls in a barn adjoining their Concord house. The plays are somewhat Radcliffian in diction, and in sentiment like unto the fiction of the Minerva Press. How the two girls contrived to play four, five, or six different characters in one drama is a secret which the present volume reveals. Professor Hoffmann's *Drawing-Room Conjuring* (Routledge & Sons), a version of a recent French work, *Recueil de Tours de Physique Amusante*, does not profess to be a treatise, but comprises a selection of illusions—card or coin tricks, and so forth—which may be compassed without any elaborate or very expensive apparatus. The book combines some effective operations, duly explained by the text and illustrative diagrams.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

PRINCE HENRY of Orleans (1) would probably not be sorry to be described—as a namesake of his, Catherine Seyton's brother and double, was described—as "one of the frackest youths" in France; and he has done his best to deserve it. Perhaps the best was not very great, and, while we have never troubled ourselves much about the Prince's Anglophobia (we are used to the alternation of giving asylum to Orleans princes and receiving abuse from them), we have had occasion to rebuke the bad manners of his remarks on English authorities, who always received him with courtesy, and sometimes picked him out of scrapes by his pinafore much as the lady's-maid did to Henry Fairchild, another namesake. Here there is no offence, and, though not a great deal of interest, some instruction. The Prince's journey lay through the parts which since have become notorious in the Anglo-French dispute over the body of Siam. He went from Hanoi by the rivers and over the mountains to Luang Prabang, that pleasant, semi-independent State—a sort of inland Cythera or South Sea island—which Lord Rosebery, if he had had quite his own way, would probably have saved for Siam or England. And then he dropped down to Bangkok. He had few adventures (though in Tonquin itself there were rumours of "Flags" of divers colours), no hardships, and few very remarkable experiences. But, as it is the business of the descendants of Louis Philippe to be business-like young princes, he has very elaborate accounts of the Tonquin coal-mines, which are going "literally to cut the throat of England and Belgium," as well as of the various products of the different countries; while, as a young French prince must also be a man of science, he gives abundant ethnological descriptions of the various races he meets. The book is illustrated by reproductions of the Prince's own photographs. Some of the types given of the Laos tribes are sufficiently hideous, and even the representative chosen of the beauties of Luang Prabang (where there used to be a delightfully perverse law that young unmarried men were exempt from military service, because if they went away the girls would have nobody to make love to them) is rather like a pretty smooth-skinned monkey.

On politics the Prince, of course, airs his well-known views, and we gather from some things he says that the "Chinese buffer State" notion, which had not been started when he wrote, would find in him a most violent opponent. But he really gives himself and his whole school away when he writes in a moment of candour or thoughtlessness of the Laos districts:—"La région traversée par le cours supérieur du Mékong se décompose en royaumes et en principautés. . . . Payant des tributs tantôt à droite, tantôt à gauche, parfois des deux côtés à la fois, ces états laotiens ont pus souvent être aussi justement considérés comme birmanes que comme annamites ou plus tard siamois." That is the whole English case in a nutshell; and after its admission we really do not know that it is necessary to argue the question of right with Prince Henry.

One hardly expects to find a solid contribution, in two stout volumes, to English county and family history made by a Frenchman in French; but this is a modest, and almost a grudging, description to give of M. de Trenqualéon's work on West Grinstead and the Carylls (2). It is true, as will, indeed, easily be guessed, that the author's interest in his subject is primarily religious; but this has not prevented him from giving both sides of what his subtitle frankly calls an "Étude historique et religieuse sur le Comté de Sussex." A great deal—indeed, the major part—of his work seems to have been drawn from MSS. in the British Museum, assisted by long and frequent visits to the spot. He has reprinted a considerable number of Caryll letters, has given some interesting details of accounts, &c., and though, of course, he has not exactly kept out a sectarian touch, here and there has indulged in it but moderately.

We are afraid M. Dietrich must have been woefully at a loss for profitable occupation when he took to translating Herr Nordau's book of Degeneracy in Art and Literature (3). We are not frantic admirers of certain modern developments in either. But when a person, borrowing from the eminent Signor Lombroso a craze about "degeneracy," and applying it with truly German clumsiness right and left, gives us at one fell swoop, or a succession of fell swoops, Miss Greenaway and M. Maeterlinck, Mr. Burne-Jones and Count Tolstoi, as a series of parallel products accounted for by the same *critique scientifique*, we can only shrug our shoulders. Herr Nordau, it appears, is convinced that "les

(1) *Autour du Tonkin*. Par Henri Philippe d'Orléans. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *West Grinstead et les Caryll*. Par Max de Trenqualéon. Paris: Torré. London: Burns & Oates.

(3) *Dégénérescence*. Par Max Nordau. Traduit par A. Dietrich. Paris: Alcan.

graphomanes et leurs gardes du corps critiques" will "torture to the end of his life, Indian fashion," an indiscreet truth-teller like himself. We trust we shall have something better to do than to take so much trouble about a person the imbecility of whose judgment is, perhaps, a little relieved or excused by the inaccuracy of his information.

We have a greater respect for M. Margueritte's talents than for those of any young French novelist, but we are afraid that he has "made false route," as his countrymen say, in *La tourmente* (4). The situation of a husband who tries the experiment of pardoning his wife for the unpardonable is not a possible one—or, if it is possible, has not been made so here, though M. Margueritte has steered clear to a degree which is very remarkable both of mawkishness and its opposite, and has achieved *vérité vraie* in some of his most harrowing analyses. Perhaps he might have come nearer success if he had given us a different heroine. But really a young woman who, as she says, loving her husband, adopts the proceedings of Thérèse Halluys for no particular reason except that she is annoyed at his giving a home to his homeless sister, does not seem worth putting oneself out for, even if she has green eyes—at least in a book. In the flesh, of course, it might be different.

We have received two additions to the "Intermediate" division of Messrs. Rivington, Percival, & Co.'s "Modern French Series," *Chez les sauvages*, an episode of Sandeau's well-known *Roche-aux-mouettes*, edited by M. Duhamel, and Erckmann-Chatrian's *Le trésor du vieux seigneur*, by M. Minssen.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THERE is a briskness—an unlesirely briskness, we may say—about the correspondence and journals collected in the two volumes of *Letters of Asa Gray*, edited by Jane Loring Gray (Macmillan & Co.), which is not a little characteristic of the activity and energy that characterized the most distinguished of American botanists during a long and busy life. As a piece of condensed writing, it would be difficult to match the fragment of "Autobiography," which is carried to the writer's thirtieth year, and occupies only eight-and-twenty pages. Excepting in the opening pages that deal with the parents and grand-parents of Dr. Gray, nothing is recorded but the leading facts—dates and events—and these in the most succinct form conceivable. Nothing superfluous is put down, beyond a doubt, though some would hesitate to say that there is nothing wanting. The "Journal," in the first volume, and much of the correspondence, reveal the same businesslike habit, even when the occasion would seem to favour a more recreative style, as when he records his first meetings with famous men of science. Dr. Gray was a prodigious letter-writer, and corresponded with De Candolle, Sir William Hooker, Darwin, Sir J. D. Hooker, Bentham, and other leading men in the scientific world. "The greater part of the immense mass of letters he wrote," says Mrs. Gray, "were necessarily purely scientific, uninteresting except to the person addressed; so that many of those published are merely fragments, and very few are given completely." We confess we should have enjoyed the publication of these purely scientific letters. The editor, however, has made it the aim—doubtless the more popular aim—of these volumes to show, as far as possible, in Dr. Gray's own words "his life and occupation," and they certainly offer a clear and interesting view of the activity of that life, and the many-sided interests of its occupation. The journal of his first sojourn in London is suggestive of a continual succession of visits to famous persons or places, with strictly observed Sabbath intervals spent in attending various chapels. George Whitfield's chapel, in the Tottenham Court Road, recalled "more interesting associations than Westminster Abbey or any vast and splendid cathedral." There are various references to the sermons, especially those of Baptist Noel—"my old favourite," he calls him—of whom he held a high opinion. In the letters to Darwin and other English friends, written during the Secession war, there are some explosive outbursts concerning the "wicked rebellion," and some amusing observations of a wrathful nature on the perversity of the English press. Dr. Gray was not merely a staunch Unionist, as some were, in speech and writing. He contributed to the war fund, and enlisted in a company, composed of men incapacitated from going to the front, that was organized to guard the State arsenal at Cambridge. In a letter to Darwin—"the only Britisher," he declares, to whom he wrote on the subject—he is convinced that Jefferson Davis richly deserved to be hanged, though he would not have him hanged, "for his more complete humiliation," after conviction and sentence. Altogether there was nothing of a Gallo in the mental constitu-

tion of this eminent botanist, and the sturdy independence of his character is in various ways described in these volumes.

The Petrie Estate, by Helen Dawes Brown (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), is a story not without cleverness, if somewhat "precious" in style, about a will that was lost or missing, and is found, by which the heroine—an extremely "high-toned" young lady—is dispossessed of an inheritance which she had never counted upon possessing. But since she marries the right man all is well in the end. He behaves nobly in the matter when sorely tried by circumstances, which, though somewhat uncommon, are skilfully developed by the author. Analysis and observation are well-marked properties in this American story, and there are some capital sketches of the minor kind, such as the young woman who recites Browning after the principles of Delsarte in fashionable New York drawing-rooms.

Tiari, by Mrs. Dora Hort (Fisher Unwin), is a Tahitian romance that suggests the inspiration of "Pierre Loti," though in no agreeable sense. It tells of a Frenchman whose views of "native marriage" are undisguised, and of an Englishman—a cold, moralizing precisian—who drifts into a native marriage out of pure philanthropy, and then bullies and preaches his unhappy wife to death.

The Visionary (Hodder Brothers) is a translation by Jessie Muir of Jonas Lie's first romance *Den Fremynte*, which appeared in 1870, and is now done into English as a whole for the first time, though Mr. Nisbet Bain has included an episode from it in his recent volume of translations from Jonas Lie's short stories. That so striking and powerful a romance should have escaped the translator until now is something strange. Miss Muir's work is well done and should find many readers.

Another translation, and of some interest to novel-readers, is *Marianela* (Digby, Long, & Co.), by Mary Wharton, from the Spanish of B. Perez Galdos, whose more sentimental treatment of a tragic theme offers a strange contrast with Jonas Lie's robust method.

Of *A Book of Strange Sins*, by Coulson Kernahan (Ward, Lock, Bowden, & Co.), it must be said that the title is better than the book, and nothing but a catching title to stories that are in no sense admirable or remarkable.

"Educationalists" will not be converted, we fear, by the rosy vision Mr. Edward Hartington has depicted in *The New Academe* (Chapman & Hall) of the ideal school, a kind of Liberty Hall, or "go as you please" school, where the boys do what they like, and masters make love to charming lady-assistants. It is magnificent, but it is not schooling.

Book Song, edited by Gleeson White (Elliot Stock), is a collection of verse, concerning books and the love of books, somewhat akin to the little volume of *Ballads of Books* edited by Mr. Lang and Mr. Brander Matthews, though of less definite scope and of more generous comprehension. Indeed, Mr. Gleeson White's net is a large one and small in the mesh. It holds the comely fish and the most minor of poet's minnows. But the discreet reader will find much in the anthology to delight him, though most of the "much" will be familiar to him.

Mr. Barnett Smith's *Women of Renown* (Allen & Co.), or "studies of eminent women," comprise papers on the lives and works of Frederika Bremer, Lady Blessington—called "Marguerite" by Mr. Barnett Smith—George Eliot, Jenny Lind, Mrs. Somerville, George Sand, Mary Carpenter, Lady Morgan, Rachel, and Lady Hester Stanhope. The selection is decidedly well devised, the field embraced by the essays is agreeably varied, and the result on the whole is a pleasing volume of sketches.

From time to time we have dealt with the many admirable features of the handsome illustrated edition of the late Mr. J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People* (Macmillan & Co.), edited by Mrs. Green and Miss Kate Norgate, the third volume of which has just appeared, enriched with excellent reproductions of old prints in English or foreign museums, engravings after historical portraits, and a fine selection of topographic and archaeological illustrations from various sources. It would be hard to over-estimate the value of all this contemporary illustration of the times of the Commonwealth and the Restoration, of which the present volume treats, to the intelligent student of history who consults the Key-notes prefixed to each volume.

Peveril of the Peak (Nimmo), three volumes, "Border" edition of the *Waverley Novels*, is the longest, and far from the strongest, of the series. Concerning the weak points of the story the editor is less disposed to leniency than when treating of certain other examples of weakness in the novels. Even Mr. Lang does not approve of the audacious anachronisms of the story and its inordinate length. Of the Popish Plot—that still vexes mystery—he gives a good summary—clear, brief, judicious. The illustrations, which include etchings after well-known paintings by Mr. Orchardson and the late Mr. Pettie, are excellent, for the

(4) *La tourmente*. Par Paul Margueritte. Paris: Kolb.

most part, though the graceful Fenella of Mr. Hopkins scarcely agrees with Scott's description.

Miss Christina Rossetti's delightful "Nursery Rhyme Book," *Sing Song* (Macmillan & Co.), also appears in new and enlarged form, with the charming woodcuts after designs by Arthur Hughes.

From Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co. we have a new edition of Father Sangermano's still valuable description of Burma—*The Burmese Empire a Hundred Years Ago*—with Mr. John Jardine's introduction, notes, bibliography, and a good map.

To the new volume of the excellent "Dryburgh" edition of Scott—*The Fortunes of Nigel* (A. & C. Black)—Mr. Godfrey C. Hindley contributes some capital illustrations, his drawing of the *habitués* of "Beaujeu's," of King James, and the rest, being full of spirit.

We have also received *Essays of Elia* and *Last Essays of Elia*, edited by Mr. Charles Kent, two volumes of Messrs. Routledge's pretty "Pocket Library"; *The Iclander's Sword*, by S. Baring Gould (Methuen & Co.), new edition; *A Treatise on Money*, by J. Shield Nicholson, M.A. (A. & C. Black), new edition, with six new essays; *Tidal Rivers: their Hydraulics, Improvement, and Navigation*, by W. H. Wheeler (Longmans & Co.), with illustrations, the first volume of "Longmans' Civil Engineering Series"; *Betting and Gambling*, by Major Seton Churchill (Nisbet & Co.); *Greece in the Age of Pericles*, by Arthur J. Grant (John Murray), "University Extension Manuals"; *A Text-Book of Elementary Design*, by Richard G. Hatton (Chapman & Hall); *Egyptian Art*, by Charles Ryan (Chapman & Hall), an elementary handbook for students; *Records: including the Principal Events of My Life*, an album designed by E. S. G. (Gilbert & Rivington); *About Perak*, by F. A. Swettenham (Singapore: "Straits Times"), descriptive sketches of Perak and the Malays, &c.; *A Yoshikawa Episode*, by A. M. (Scott), "Wheeler's Indian Library"; *Ideals*, by Charles Grissen (Portland, Oregon: Lewis & Dryden Co.), a romance in verse; *An Army Doctor's Romance*, by Grant Allen (Raphael Tuck & Sons); *A Legend of Montrose*, by Sir Walter Scott (Sampson Low & Co.), illustrated by W. Hole; *Kingsley's Westward Ho!* abridged for schools (Macmillan & Co.); *Les Œuvres Latines Apocryphes du Dante*, a critical study, by Dr. Prompt (Venice: Olshchki); *De Fideculis Biographia*, by Edward Heron-Allen (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), third supplement; *The Gospel according to St. Luke*, "Higher Religious Teaching," by the Rev. G. Hugh Jones (Lang, Neil, & Co.); *Elementary Course of Practical Science*, by Hugh Gordon, Part I. (Macmillan & Co.); *Bandage Drill for Children*, by Mrs. Francis Steinthal, with music and illustrations (Philip & Son); *The Candidates' and Agents' Guide in Contested Elections*, by H. C. Richards (Jordan & Sons); *Xenophon: Tales from the Cyropædia*, edited by C. H. Keene, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.), "Elementary Classics" series; *The Nazarenes*, a drama, by H. N. Crellin (Chatto & Windus); *Our Ghosts*, by Edmund Leigh (Digby, Long, & Co.); and *That Mrs. Grundy*, by L. C. Skey (Arundel Publishing Company, Lim.).

In last week's *Saturday Review* we found fault with Mr. Andrew Lang for saying (as by mischance we thought he said) in his *St. Andrews* (Longmans) that no *minister* is needed at St. Andrews. What Mr. Lang wrote was *minster*, which is somewhat different, and we much regret the mistake. Also we were in error as to the forthcoming history, which cannot be by the late Mr. Lyon.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to Messrs. R. ANDERSON & Co., 14 Cockspur Street, or to the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

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